Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE 1993

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

'Neddy' Smith
His life and crimes

Nightlife
Pub pool hustling

FOR SUBSCRIBERS

SPECIAL PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE!

The inside story.

Something happened in the year 1904 that turned a small hat factory on its head. A young man called Stephen Keir started working for Benjamin Dunkerley.

You're probably asking who is Stephen Keir. We'll come to that in a minute.

Benjamin Dunkerley, his wife Harriet and daughter Ada ran a hat making business in Sydney. Benjamin was a technician who had an eye for a good product and Stephen Keir had an eye for his daughter. Following his marriage to Ada, Stephen was promoted to General Manager. In 1918 when Benjamin died Stephen steered the Company on to greater things; moving the factory to larger premises, increasing the production and branding the hats 'Akubra'.

This great part of our Australian history was now taking shape.

Large contracts were won for the supply of Slouch hats during both World Wars and in the more peaceful times of the early 50's Akubra obtained the prized licensed manufacturing agreement from Stetson of America.

Stephen Keir I died in 1957, his sons including Stephen Keir II proudly continued the business.

Today the name goes on with Stephen Keir III at the helm and yes, his son Stephen, like all those before him is learning the trade of felt hat making, from the factory floor up. Who knows what new heights he'll reach and what new hats will take shape to join the long list of favourites such as, 'The Down Under' and the 'Snowy River'.

One thing is for certain the quality will remain.

From a tradition like this with real endeavour and the true dedication of everyone involved at Akubra, it's no wonder we are renowned for very fine hats worldwide.

Naturally, it's Australia's most famous hat, just ask any Akubra owner and they are sure to have their own story to tell.

Akubra hats available from leading department stores, hat shops and saddleries nationwide.

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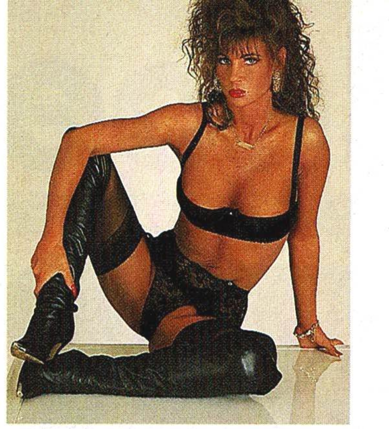
B&B 004

Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 6/June 1993 Black Label Edition



Cover by: Bruce Coulter

regular features

FEEDBACK	*Reader Opinion*		4
FORUM	*Correspondence*		7
MODERN MAN	*Comment*	*Mark Abernethy*	11
VERBATIM	*Interview*		14
ADVENTURE	*Article*	*Steve Yates*	16
MOTORING	*Article*	*Peter McKay*	18
MONEY	*Article*	*David Quicksilver*	20
TRAVEL	*Article*	*Glenn A. Baker*	22
STATE OF THE ART	*Service*	*Paul Burrows*	24
SOUNDS	*Reviews*	*Jeremy Cook*	26
FILM	*Reviews*	*Ford Buchanan*	28
ADVISOR	*Counsel*		30
CELEBRITY SKINS	*Satire*	*Frants Kantor*	33
LOOSE ENDS	*Service*	*David Smiedt*	126

features

WHERE IS PATANELA?	*Article*	*Robert Reid*	34
THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF NEDDY SMITH	*Article*	*Paul B. Kidd*	48
PLAYING HOUSE	*Humour*	*Jean Norman*	66
ON CUE	*Article*	*Joseph Allbeury*	88

pictorials

MONIKA	*John Harroll*	32a
LOVE DANCE	*Frank Palmer*	40
LEISA	*Bruce Coulter*	53
PET OF THE YEAR		71
JENNIFER	*Suze Randall*	96a
ERIN AND MICHAEL	*Glenn Bradley*	99
KELLY	*Suze Randall*	112

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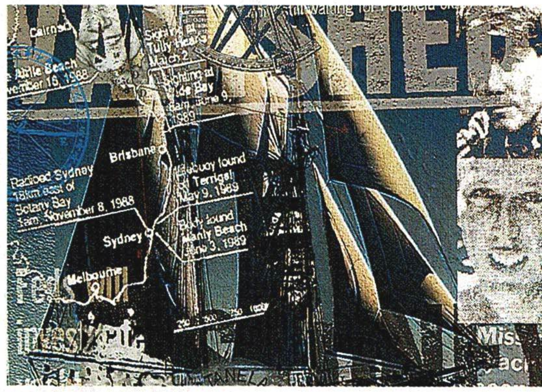
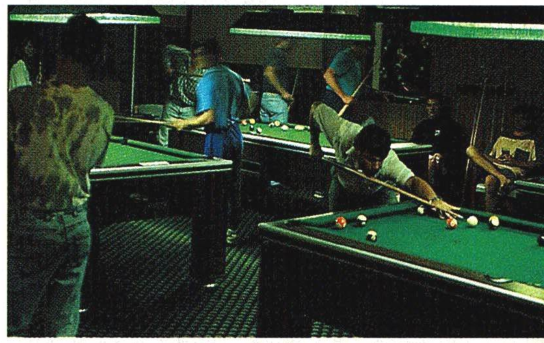


Where is Patanela?

The life and crimes of Neddy Smith

Playing house



On cue

SCHOLZ & FRIENDS

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JUNE

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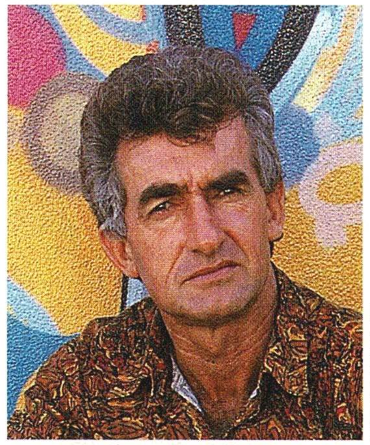
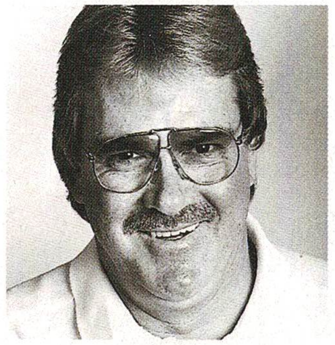
housecall


ROBERT REID

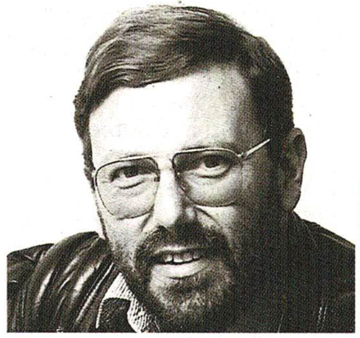
WHERE IS PATANELA?

Fremantle schooner *Patanela* disappeared off Sydney Heads in 1988. A coroner's report said the 63-foot yacht met with catastrophe and sank without trace killing all four on board. Journalists Robert Reid and Paul Whittaker thought differently and wrote a book, *Patanela Is Missing*, about the mystery and what really happened to *Patanela*. On page 34, Cairns-based **Robert Reid** writes about a maritime mystery so full of conflicting information that five years after she disappeared, yachties still debate what really happened to *Patanela*. Illustration by **Bob Withers.**


PAUL B. KIDD

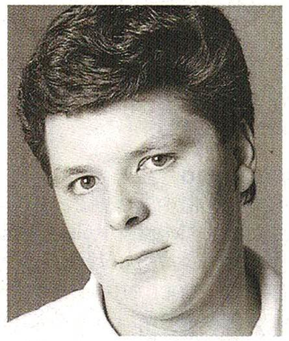
NEDDY SMITH

After a crime career spanning a quarter of a century, Arthur Stanley "Neddy" Smith fronted NSW's Independent Commission Against Corruption. His mission: to inform on the police officers who had allegedly helped him in a number of armed robberies. On page 48, Sydney journalist **Paul B. Kidd** profiles the former standover tough guy who now finds himself afflicted with Parkinson's Disease. Kidd is a versatile media man, being the editor of a major magazine, a film maker, a radio commentator and a resident fishing expert on television.


GLEN A. BAKER

PLANE CRAZY

You'd think **Glenn A. Baker** would keep himself busy enough with his six children, his Time Warp music shop in Sydney and the books that he always seems to be writing. But as well as being a father and full time music aficionado, Baker spends a lot of time sitting on planes as he travels the world in his role as a travel writer. On page 22, the former travel presenter on Channel Nine's *Midday Show* gives readers an insight into just some of the nightmares that can befall an air traveller if he clocks up enough flying hours.


JOSEPH ALLBEURY

NIGHTLIFE

Shooting a game of pub pool is the pastime of choice for thousands of Australian drinkers. But the pubs are now attracting the punters to the pool tables with weekly competitions and the promise of big prize money. On page 88, Sydney journalist **Joseph Allbeury** turns up at the Highwayman Hotel for the Tuesday pool comp night and reports on a game that has jumped from drinking hobby to potential earner in the space of a few years. Allbeury is a freelance journalist and photographer who's a keen pool player despite never having won a competition.

PET OF THE YEAR

For 12 months, *Australian Penthouse* readers are treated to a feast of beautiful women from Downunder. In this issue of the magazine we see who has been selected from the six Australian Pets as the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Up for grabs are prizes valued at more than $60,000. On page 71 we reveal who is the *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year for 1992.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Duty bound

I have followed with interest the "Tour of Duty" series and find it to be one of the most interesting series of articles I have ever read. Levitt's final portrayal of the Filippino guerillas captured both the brutality and the tenderness which is generated by intense actions like battle. I commend *Penthouse* for once again pushing the boundaries of quality journalism. — *G. Whittaker, Brisbane, Qld*

Food for thought

Just thought I would throw some light on the letter by "Angry and Confused" concerning army rations in the March issue of *Penthouse*.

The Australian Army ration packs, "ratpacks" as commonly called, don't require water to be added, unlike the American equivalent. Also you can eat the food directly from the can and they provide excellent nourishment either hot or cold. So, in response to the letter: don't knock it if you haven't had it. I find that you do the army an injustice as the products in these packs are made by Australians for Australians and are of the highest quality. — *Offended Digger, Perth, WA*

Oy, are you in trouble

You may have read the article in the March *Penthouse* that said that Jews are not overly interested in the whole idea of sex. I will tell you something: Jewish girls like sex, and if they seem a little reluctant occasionally, it's because of two male influences in their lives: their fathers and the rest of the Jewish male population. — *A. Maidel, St Ives, NSW*

Missing link

It has been brought to my attention that MoneyLink Financial Planning received an honourable mention in a recent issue of *Penthouse* Magazine. Your finance writer David Quicksilver gave us credit for good investment advice in the past.

Unfortunately he also said we were now "out of business". In fact, we are still in business and operate a network of financial advisory offices extending from Brisbane to Mount Gambier. — *Russel Tym, Managing Director, Moneylink Financial Planning*

Feminism fanfare

Top marks to *Penthouse* for publishing an extract from Martin Kyle's as yet unpublished book, *It Used To Be Called Nagging: The Real Man's Guide To Feminism*. Martin correctly notes that males are only 49 percent of the (voting) population. This being so, how can we be held accountable for any decisions of government, such as our involvement in wars, etc? More men are in politics simply because the majority of women put them there. It's about time women shouldered the majority of responsibility for the state of the nation, instead of fobbing it off onto men.

Let's hope we see more extracts of Martin's book in the near future. — *Rob Johnstone, Brisbane, Qld*

Pam Colburn — a Shining Star

Feminism fanfare too

I expect you would have received a huge response about Martin Kyle's article *It Used To Be Called Nagging*. I admire and respect most of the articles published in *Penthouse* and I am a feminist. I am not a lesbian, or ugly or unhappy about being female. I even get a laugh out the Modern Man articles. My husband and I have equally demanding careers and bring in equal money. I cook at night, he washes the dishes. I do the laundry while he does the lawns and so on. That's what feminism is all about, an equal go for both sexes. It is not the twisted and warped interpretation presented in this article. Kyle's article is full of holes, exaggerations, bitterness and misinterpretations. Quite frankly it's crap, and I can understand why he wasn't able to have the book published. If a woman had written something like that most men would dismiss it as her just needing a "good bonk". Maybe that's his problem. — *Sharleen Burns, Guildford, NSW*

Pam purred

I am a regular reader of *Australian Penthouse* and enjoy both the pictorials and the articles.

I do, however, feel your publication has surpassed itself yet again with the "Shining Star" pictorial of Pam Colburn in the December issue. The provocative photo of Pam from behind would have to be one of the best photos you have ever published. — *Steven Austin, Whangerei, New Zealand*

Not one red cent

As an avid reader of *Penthouse,* I must bring up a point of concern regarding the direction of your editorial content. My definition of pornography is not the showing of the naked human body, because this is surely the most beautiful creation of all; instead, it is the taking of a life by another, this is surely the most hideous abomination of all. Every person has the right to live which leads me to the point of this letter.

I am very concerned by your apparent glorification and of murderers and criminals who consider themselves above the law. Example: the March 1993 issue of *Penthouse* contained a Christopher Flannery article, a Chopper Read article and Part III of the Tour of Duty series.

These people have no right to collect money from you for a story about how they murdered.

Surely, you must realise that writing about their hideous deeds — even though you profess to sit on the fence — is a form of approval. And all they do is laugh all the way to the bank.

Your pictorials are as usual of the highest and standard. I was particularly impressed with Heather and her toy. — *Name and address withheld*

Chopper Read received no remuneration for the article in March 1993 Penthouse. — Ed

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to keep cooped up.
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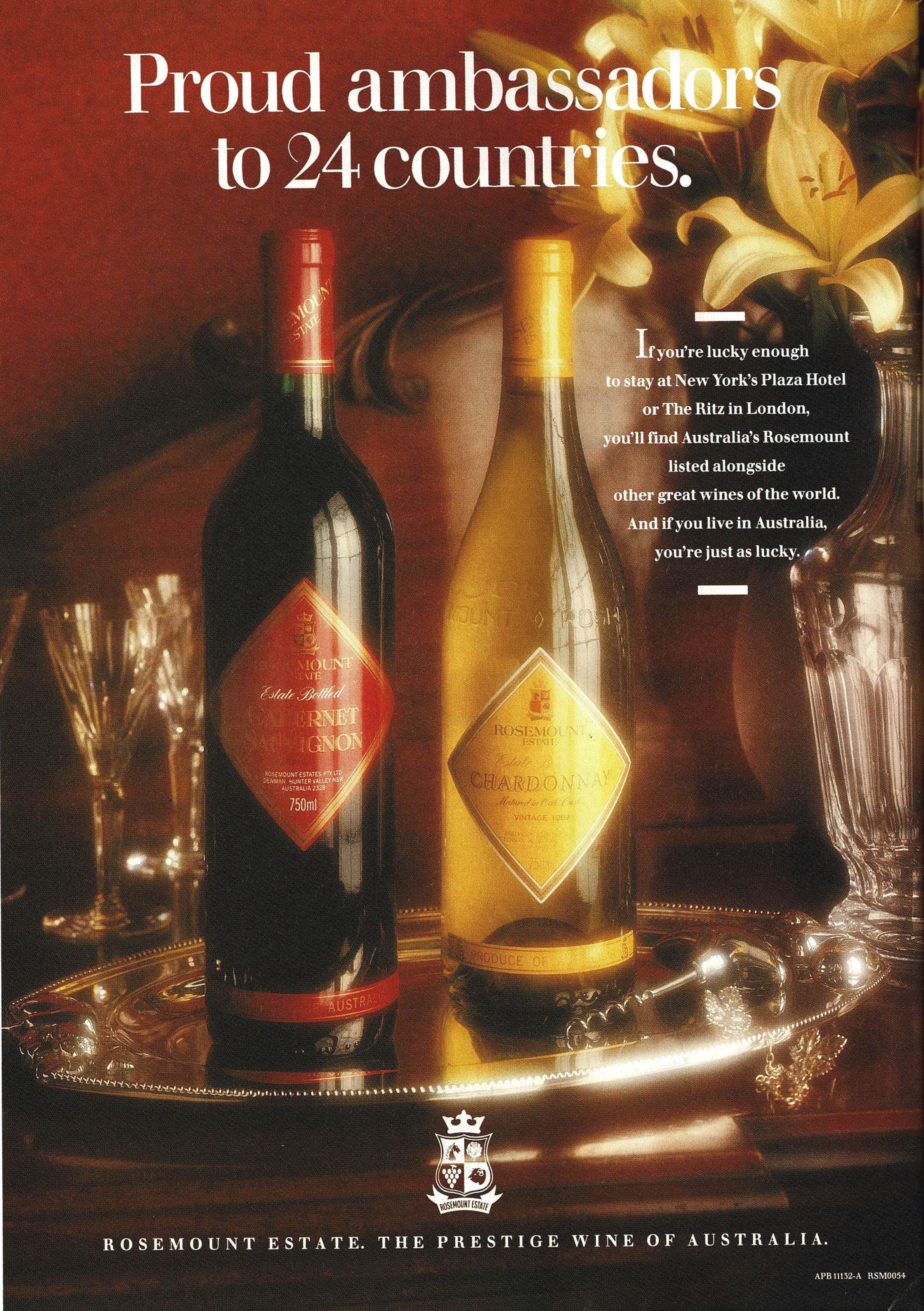
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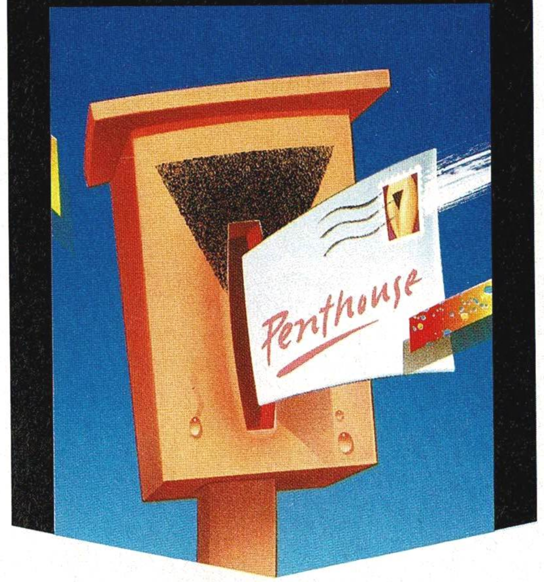


forum

Everything and the girl

I am a 22-year-old girl with a passion for other women. For me there is no place like the beach to grab a good eyeful of hot feminine flesh.

Luckily I live near a beach. It is fairly secluded, but well known enough that girls who prefer to bathe topless can go there and not be afraid of being picked up. Except by me, that is. Sometimes a lifeguard may pass by, but usually it is quiet enough to strip off completely and have a swim naked.

I love it when some new girl will wander down to the sand. I watch her looking around tentatively at the other beauties, deciding how far to go in peeling off her gear. As each item of clothing hits the sand I get more excited. If she is undecided and wondering whether or not to drop her bikini bottom or panties, I stand up, making sure she sees me, and slowly peel off my G-string. This always works. Then I wander over and strike up a conversation with my new friend.

I had some great experiences this summer. Just a few weeks ago I played out my usual act with a young blonde whose name turned out to be Michelle.

Michelle has a great figure. This includes 36-inch tits capped by large pink nipples, a tight but soft bottom and a trimmed blonde bush covering her cunt through which her pretty pussy lips were plainly visible.

When I had her naked I asked her to come with me for a swim and she did. It was lovely. There is nothing like gambolling naked in the surf with a beautiful girl. More than once I managed to grab a handful of willing breast and once she was knocked over by a wave so that when she recovered she was straddling me with her pussy only inches from my mouth. She looked down at smiled at me. "Later," I said to myself.

It was getting late in the afternoon so I asked Michelle if she had any plans for the evening. When she said no, I asked if she would like to come back to my place for a cool drink and a swim in my pool. She agreed in a flash. I don't live far away from the beach, so Michelle decided not to bother putting on her bikini top as we walked back to the car. This excited me so much that I did the same.

It caused quite a stir at the only set of traffic lights on the way home when a car filled with guys stopped next to us and noticed that our tits were bare.

We arrived at my place my neighbour Bill, who lives across the street and is always on the lookout for an eyeful, really hit the jackpot. Both of us got out of the car dressed only in the tiniest of G-string bikini bottoms. Our large tits jiggled and swayed from side to side as we walked from the garage to the house. I even gave Bill a smile and a wave but he was too stunned to respond.

Once inside I suggested that Michelle and I have a swim in my pool. There was no need for modesty as the pool is protected from view by a high fence. So once again we were naked and in the water together. I wasted no time in getting to know Michelle better. She made no attempt to resist. In fact, she was displaying a great deal of experience with women.

Approaching her from behind, I nuzzled her neck, kissing and nibbling her tasty flesh. I went further, probing her arse and pussy with my fingers. I soon found her clitoris and just rubbing it ever so lightly, while gently caressing her back, I sent her into spasms of pleasure.

She turned around and we kissed passionately. The cool water seemed to make us even more randy. The way her hot tongue explored my welcoming mouth told me she wanted me as badly as I wanted her. Michelle whispered into my mouth that she wanted to go somewhere drier to continue our lovemaking. We quickly left the pool and I led her by the hand, naked and dripping, to my bedroom upstairs.

We both took a quick shower to rid ourselves of the chlorine from the pool. By this time, although randy, I was quite relaxed so I simply lay down on my large bed, offering my young body to my new friend. Michelle was turned on by my shaved pussy. It was the first bald cunt she had ever had. At first she just stroked me, paying particular attention to my underarms, breasts and inner thighs. My nipples rose till they were fully erect and demanding a good sucking. I told Michelle I needed her tongue — and quickly. She obliged.

Michelle was a perfect lady in the way she handled my needs. She took her time, kissing and licking all the places where she had been stroking. But she strayed away from my pussy which was now very wet, open and waiting for her. I began to moan for her to fuck me with her tongue — her fingers, anything. Then her face was on me, slurping and sucking my boiling cunt with her finger going in and out of my arsehole.

In no time I was coming. I saw stars, fireworks, everything. Then she began to smother me with her breasts. I find this an incredible turn on when I do it to others, but my partners are not always that keen to return the favour. I hungrily sucked on her nipples which became quite long and very stiff. She was obviously enjoying my response because she began to groan loudly and toss her head from side to side as I nursed on her cherry-tipped jugs.

Then I became hungry for some woman. I managed to turn Michelle around to gain access to her cunt. She smelled terrific and tasted even better. We then began the hottest session of sixty-niner I have ever had. Soon her pussy juices covered my face and mine hers but we both kept on going. I especially loved it when Michelle licked my arsehole, putting her pink tongue right into my hole, and finger-fucking my cunt at the same time.

It felt as if she was going to crawl right up there. I just lay on my bed on my elbows with my bum in the air and Michelle did what she wanted with it. She thoroughly woman-fucked me, and I loved it.

We both came a thousand times that weekend (Michelle stayed the night) and we have since become good friends, seeing each other every fortnight for a swim and whatever follows. I have since shaved Michelle's pussy so she says she can now bare herself even more on our favourite beach. We have even picked up girls for both of us to play with and brought them back to my place for a swim. These days I still enjoy lying naked on the beach, sunning myself. You just never know your luck. — *Name and address withheld*

Film fest

During a recent trip to Melbourne, my wife Janette and I noticed an adult theatre located near the hotel where we were staying. I kidded her, saying that a skin flick sounded like fun. After discussing the possibility further, we decided to try it after dinner.

When I came around the car to let her out in front of the theatre, I was amazed to see that she had unfastened all but two buttons of her dress. As she walked her panties flashed in and out of view, and the red lace of her bra was visible to everyone. I tried to walk alongside her to conceal my hard-on, which amused Janette, but I finally gave up.

I knew the guy at the ticket booth was envious as hell, and it made me proud to have such a brazen, sexy wife. We chose seats near the back, but after a few minutes, Janette wanted to go and sit in the front. There were about a dozen men in the theatre. My wife was the only woman.

As she started marching down the aisle, she also began undoing those last two buttons on her dress. By the time we reached the row where she wanted to sit, it was completely undone. As she walked to her chosen seat, the flimsy silk dress flowed behind her, exposing her lace bra and panties to all the men in the theatre. I stumbled along behind, as amazed at Janette's behaviour as any of the men present.

When I sat down next to her, I started to ask her what she was doing, but she grabbed me and kissed me passionately, our tongues duelling in each other's mouths. I knew that everyone in the theatre was watching us, because we were putting on a better show than the movie.

Suddenly, my wife stood up and took her dress off her shoulders. The other patrons could be silent no longer and comments of appreciation flowed from them. She wriggled at their attention and remained standing, placing her hands on the seat in front of her, leaning over and shaking her delectable arse in my face. This I couldn't resist, so I ran my hands up her legs and began feeling her tight little buttocks — to the great encouragement of our audience. Janette looked one of them right in the eye and asked if he liked what he saw. He replied that he definitely did, and he wondered if they felt as nice as they looked. With that, Janette hesitated for just a moment, looking at me for approval. I nodded my encouragement, wondering just how far she would let this go.

She stepped over the back of the seat, stood right in front of the man, and told him to feel for himself. He reached up and placed a hand on each of her breasts. Janette sighed and leaned forward, inviting him to kiss and lick her beautiful nipples, meanwhile extending her arse back toward me. I began to rub her arse and then, unable to stand it any longer, slid her panties down.

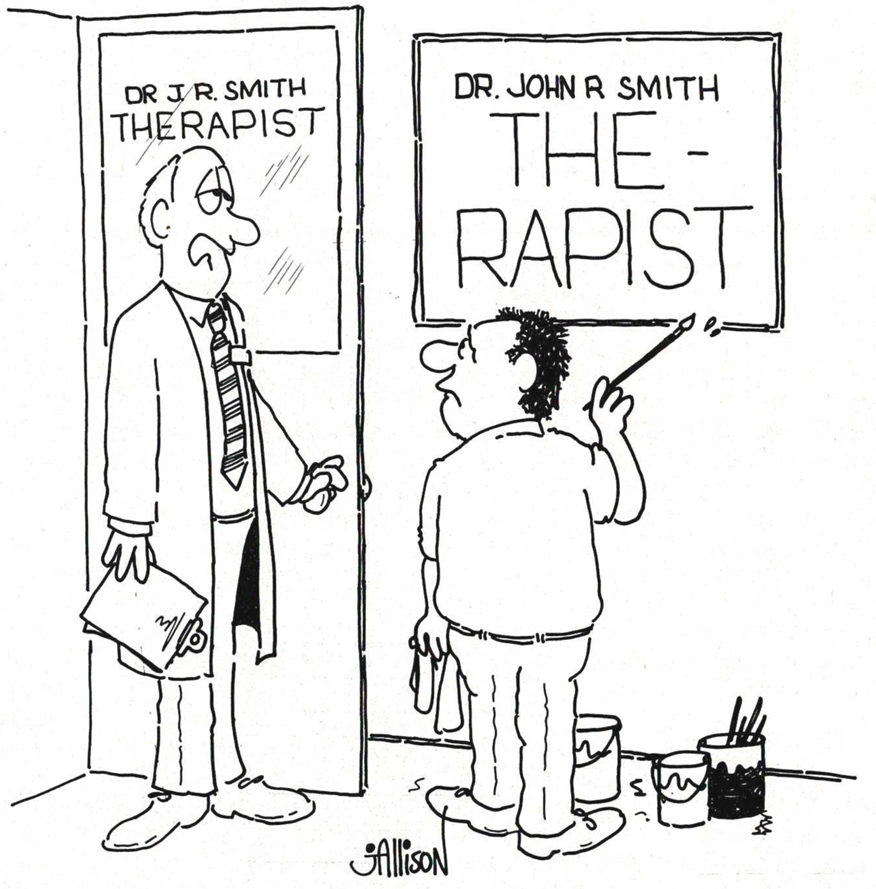
She stood up — now completely naked — and scolded me for being so naughty. Her next comment completely flabbergasted me. She said that since I had now exposed her most intimate parts to all the men in the theatre, she wanted to see and feel all of their cocks so that things would be even. I couldn't believe this was my wife talking.

She took me by the hand, led me up the aisle to where an amazed man was sitting, and sat down next to him. She placed one of his hands on her tits, the other on her pussy, and unzipped his pants, pulling out a very large erection. She complimented him on his cock and began to jerk him off earnestly. In a matter of moments, he shot his load, sitting sideways in the seat so that most of it hit Janette's tits and tummy. She massaged the thick cream into her skin, moaning passionately.

As soon as he was done, she moved on to the next man, taking me with her. Watching first-hand as men felt up my wife while she jerked off their cocks turned out to be an amazing turn-on. One at a time, she gave them all hand jobs, each time rubbing their come onto her breasts, tummy and legs.

She leaned over to me, kissed me lightly and said that it was my turn. As she unzipped my pants and reached for my cock, I thought I might come instantly. Janette leaned over the seat in

Continued on page 118



"Can we get it in one line, Barry?"

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Beware the "C" word

Commitment isn't love, it's war!

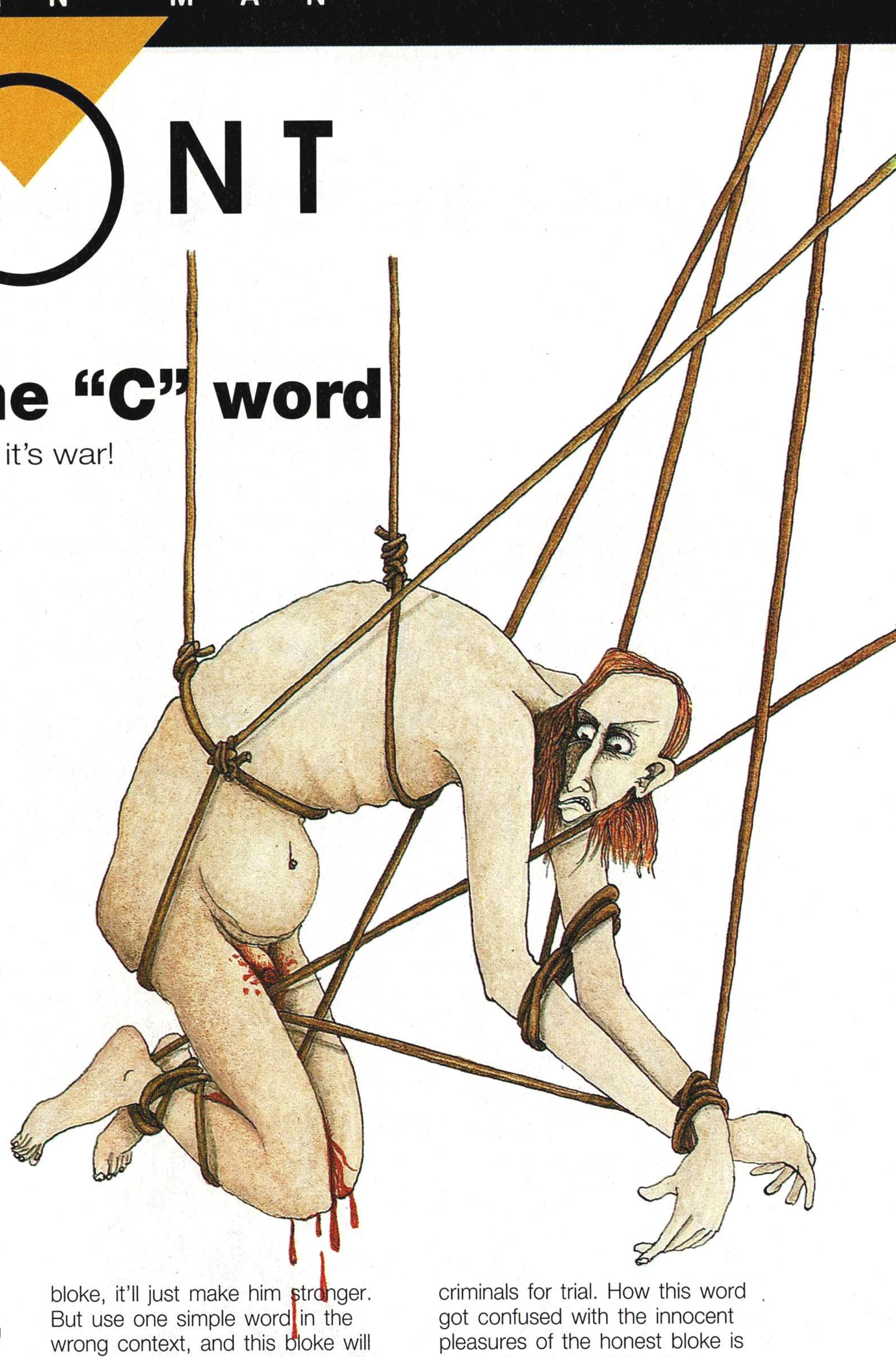


Illustration by Drahos Zak

The Modern Man is the ultimate survivor. He has to be. In a world that has brought us holes in the sky, plutonium in the Pacific and more Arab madness than the Mecca bus depot, the adjusted Nineties bloke is the one who can get through the day without help from the gin canister or the Xanax bulk pack. He's the guy who has had to leap from ABBA to Talking Heads and back to ABBA again in the space of 20 short years and has watched the ponytails and flared jeans of his childhood lurch back into his consciousness like a funeral pyre nightmare. Yes, the contemporary male is one tough cookie. If he's not fighting legionnaire's disease from the office air conditioning, then he's wondering what his VDU is doing to his sperm count. If he's not trying to avoid the angry feminist at the book launch then he's asking the health Nazi caterer for an ashtray.

"Commitment is a weapon used by women to start relationships and end lust . . ."

The liberated male may be the *Uber Mensch* of the Nineties, but he has his Kryptonite. Kick him, punch him, bankrupt him, exile him, fire him, dump him or cuckold him; none of it will cruel today's bloke, it'll just make him stronger. But use one simple word in the wrong context, and this bloke will run for the hills faster than a UN peace-keeping force. It's the "C" word. It's commitment, and for most males it's like a crucifix on a vampire's forehead.

Where the "C" word came from is something that has confounded many generations of men, mainly because it's a female device. What the Modern Man does know about commitment is that it always involves someone getting in the shit. Committed is what happened to great auntie May after she walked naked into the police station and told the senior sergeant that the fifth Panzer division was rolling down George Street. Committed is what happens to criminals for trial. How this word got confused with the innocent pleasures of the honest bloke is anyone's guess. But today, commitment is a weapon used by women to start relationships and end lust — a weapon that makes a man get a soft-on, leap out of bed and walk through the rain for two hours in a T-shirt at four in the morning under the pretext that he has to buy some smokes. Just the mention of the word can turn the most feverishly horny satyr into a sedated eunuch in the time it takes for a lover to look deep into your eyes and say: "Let's talk".

Indeed. The "C" word has dangerously magical powers especially when wielded by a woman with no scruples but much skill. Today's woman is armed to

Beware the "C" word

the back teeth with every commitment trick and man-trap skill known to women's magazines — she is ready for the commitment war. The average bloke is never prepared and the first sign of the "C" word is when he finds himself asking her, "What's wrong?"

This is a mistake for pleasure-seeking males to fall into. Never ask a sulking woman who's performing the silent treatment what's wrong with her. Two things can go wrong, which is two too many. Firstly, if she says "nothing" and you believe her, you'll wake up bound in the clothes line with some important body parts missing. But if she decides to tell you what's wrong you'll have to answer "no" nine times in one minute before bolting for the door.

The contemporary bloke has to say "no" so many times because there are suddenly so many questions to answer. "You think I'm a slut don't you?", "You're just playing with me aren't you?", "You're just in this for the sex aren't you?", "You're embarrassed about me aren't you?"

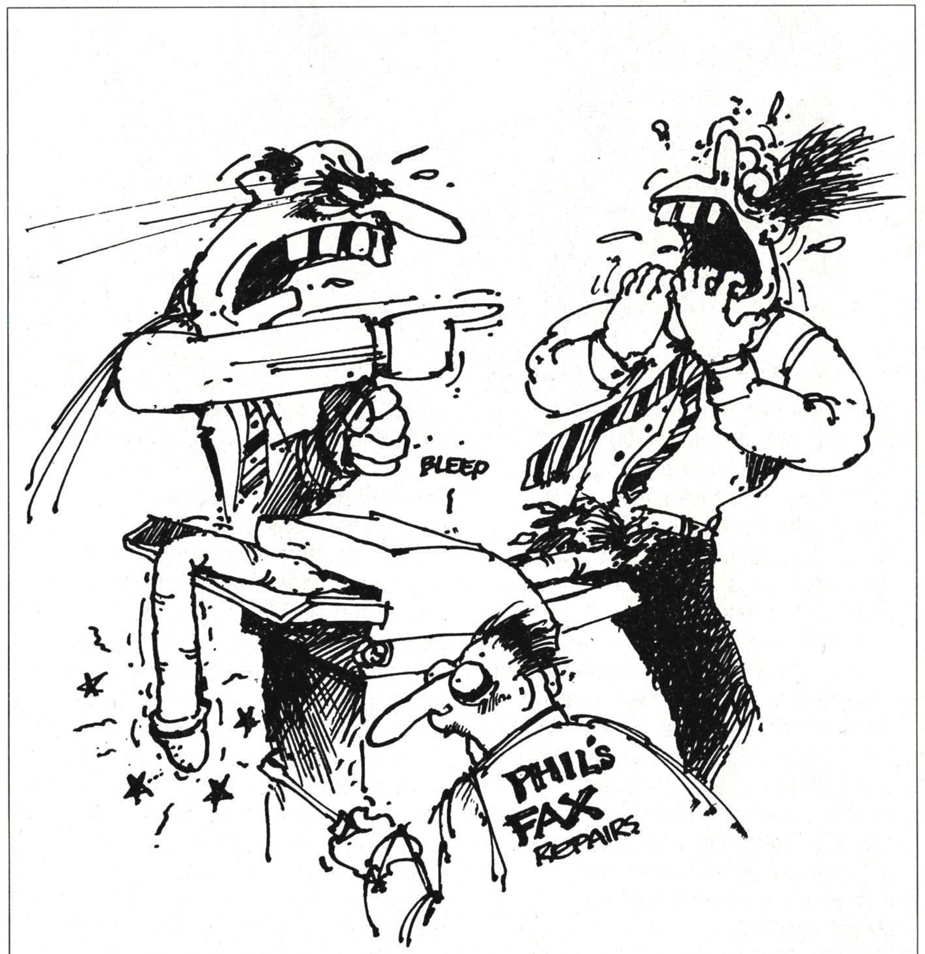
This kind of exchange is always made worse by the cunning female device of throwing a wrong'un among the accusations. Just when the bloke has gotten into a drunken, sleepy, 2am rhythm of saying "no" to everything, the woman inserts something sneaky like, "you really don't respect me as a human being do you?"

Whatever level of "C" word skill the woman possesses, she will get to commitment sooner or later. Different women have different levels of ability when it comes to closing the deal. The close can vary from the clumsy to the genius. It can be the rough but effective, "if you don't commit to me I won't fuck you", to the ego massaging, "I am so overwhelmed by your intelligence, bravery and love-making that I can't stand the thought of another woman touching you — how do you feel about that?"

The fact that so many blokes fall for the commitment game means that it works. But for the Modern Man who values a sense of elan in his life, the school of necessity has taught him some cheap but effective counters to the "C" word attack. The easiest one is to dampen the commitment offensive with the Gimme Space defence. These include, "I thought you respected me for me?", "Why live for tomorrow when we have so much today?" or the classic, "How do I hold you when my hands are tied?"

These shouldn't be tried by people who can't lie with sincerity. For terminal truth-sayers the best escape is to make a commitment to your car and dog. Any woman you sleep with for more than two weeks will accuse you of loving your car or dog more than her anyway, so you may as well get in first and make it official. When she says, "You love that car more than me", the Nineties man can say, "Yes, that's true, which is why I can't commit to you."

Of course there is another way to beat the "C" word game, still have regular sex with the woman and never have to answer foolish questions in the early hours of Monday morning. But since there's no evidence that it actually works, we really wouldn't want to commit ourselves. — *Mark Abernethy*



"You're cactus if you've faxed that to one of our clients, Fripp!"

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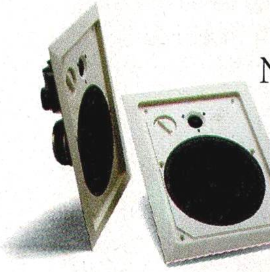

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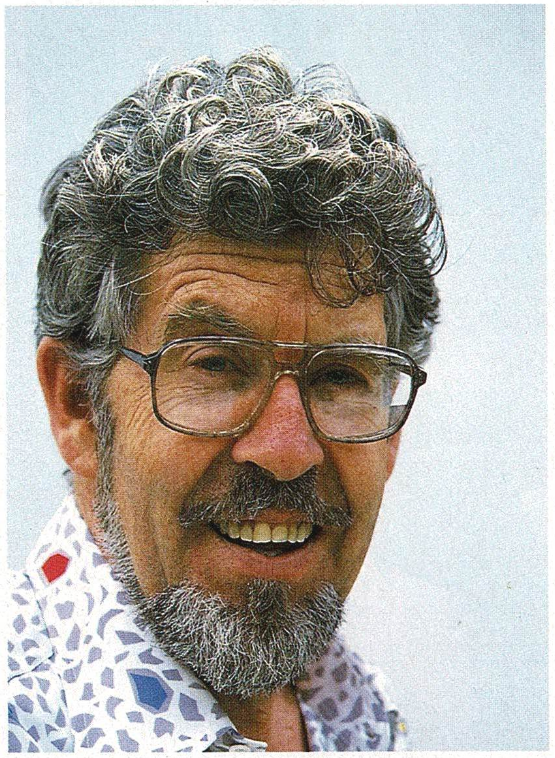
Rolf Harris

Rock star



Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
I was too young to remember the first time, but I was re-born on a stairway to heaven. Ooh, and it makes me wonder. (How does it effect you blokes?)

What do you use for transport?
Twin carburretor, fuel injected, double overhead-cam roller blades.

What really pisses you off?
People who've watched me on television and actually claim that I use pencil lines to get my huge paintings accurate.

What's your favourite saying?
It was my dad's favourite saying: "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

What was the last book you read?
Win Or Die, (the making of a king), soon to be a TV series ... a great first novel by an up and coming writer, graced with sensational illustrations.

Who do you admire in your own field?
I don't know his name, but I checked this morning and he was out-standing there.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
My recording of "Pukka Chicken".

If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
My new clothes.

What's your favourite drink?
Pasteurised, decaf, homogenised, unsweetened, no artificial colouring or flavouring, low-cal Spanish Fly.

What makes you proud?
Looking down in the early mornings.

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
Sir Les Patterson

Are there any vices you want to adopt?
There's two down the wood-working shop I've had my eye on for a while.

What do you sing in the shower?
"Suddenly ... I'm not half the man I used to be."

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Sir Les Patterson.

What movie character would you most like to be?
I can't think of his name, but it's the star of the Australian sequel to "Silence Of The Lambs" ... "Shut Up Ewes!"

What is decadence?
It is de end of de musical phrase, man.

What is your worst vice?
The one I caught my finger in down at the wood-working shop — I'm certainly going to adopt that one.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
The TV.

How do you relax?
Watching the TV.

What makes you embarrassed?
Being caught by my mother when I'm singing "Pukka Chicken".

When do you lie to people?
When they ask me who wrote the lyrics to "Pukka Chicken".

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Sexagenarian, heterosexual mud wrestling (with a much younger opponent).

Do you regret anything?
Writing "Pukka Chicken".

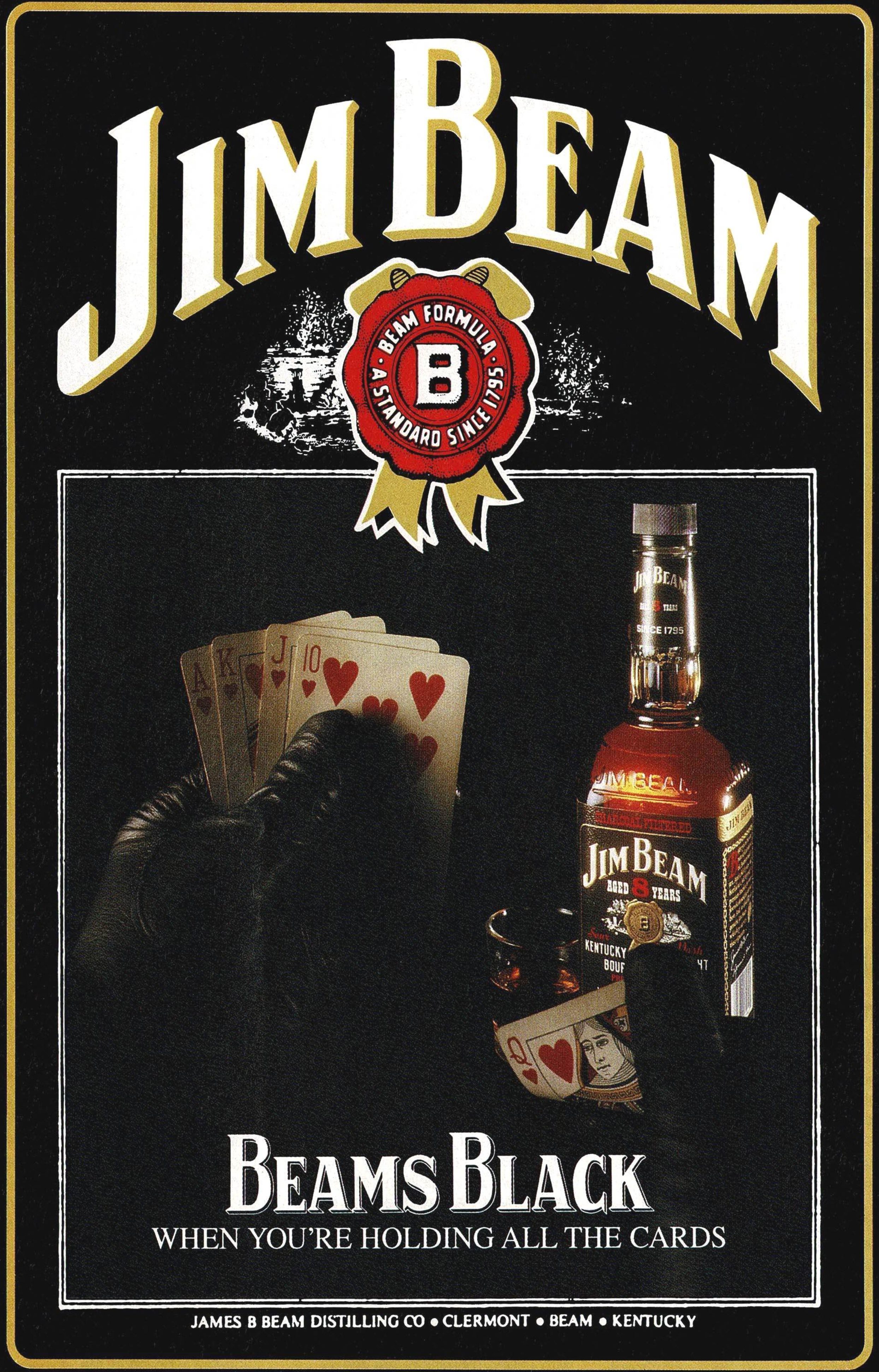
How would you describe yourself?
Much younger and more loveable than I look.

What are you really slack about?
Keeping spots of paint off my slacks.

What gets you down?
A stairway from heaven.

Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Engaging in septogenarian mud wrestling with a much, much younger opponent.

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
To re-release "Pukka Chicken".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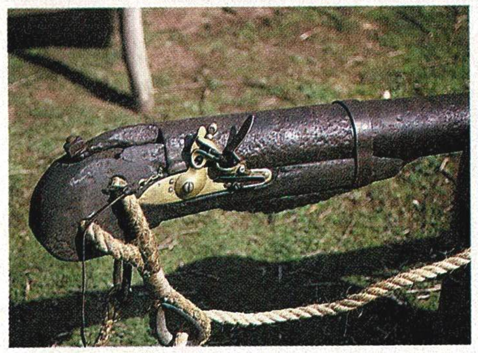
The new primitives

The Australian primitive movement gets back to basics



The air is still and cold. No sound disturbs the early morning quiet. Down the slope, not far from the tree line, a group of deer graze oblivious to the danger lurking within the dew-sodden foliage. Suddenly a fur-clad figure explodes from the cover of the greenery and in one fluid motion kneels, aims and fires. The frosty morning's tranquillity is shattered by a deafening roar as the heavy Kentucky rifle fires. Further down the hillside a medium-size doe drops to the ground as if pole-axed. The blast softly reverberates around the surrounding hills.

Soon after, the fur-clad figure moves towards a tight circle of tepees. The lodges are large and decorated with colourful pictures. People are squatting around the fires, cooking, talking and warming their hands. As the figure walks into the clearing, dogs bark and people look up from their work. There is no commotion or fear. After all, the year is 1992 and the camp is located in the hills of Victoria, Australia, no more than five hours drive from Melbourne.

"Surprisingly, a skilled marksman can hit a deer at 300 metres . . ."

There's a growing movement in this country which teaches people skills and a way of life that all but died out 200 years ago. Broadly speaking, it is called the "primitive movement." But unlike some of the images the title conjures up, there is nothing savage, brutish or basic about it.

The movement is not a regulated, controlled, club-like operation. It's a subtle thing which has evolved through the interest and dedication of a small number of individuals who've rejected the modern world, preferring to live in the manner of bygone days.

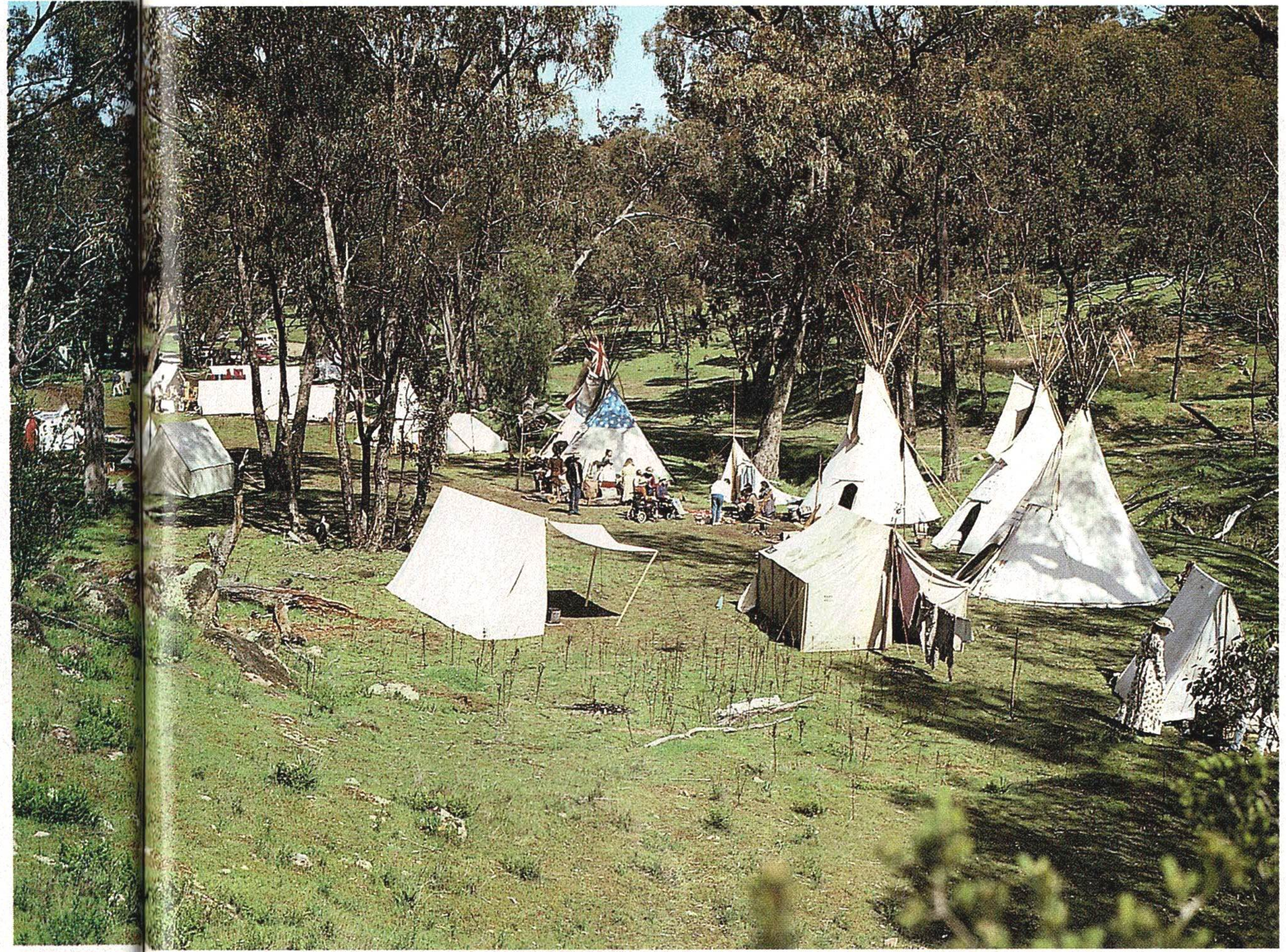
Some follow the way of life of early American/French trappers, some live the life of the Red Indians, some live as our colonial ancestors did and some even emulate the old Europeans.

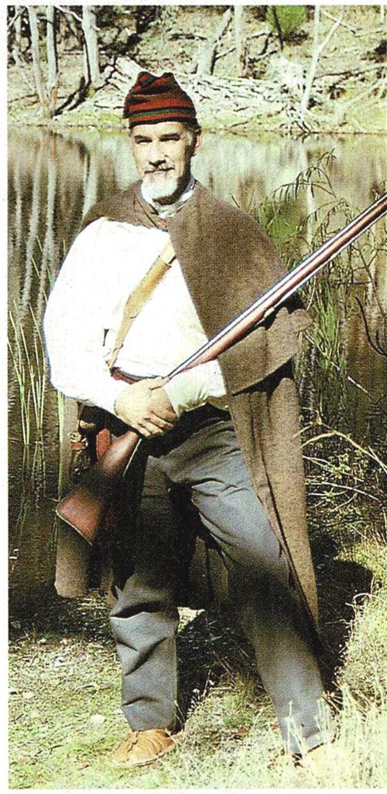
In the United States the movement is older and well established. In Europe, especially Germany, it is big business. In Australia, those involved do not seek publicity, but neither are they secretive.

A couple of times a year a large get-together, known as "Rendezvous", is held in north-eastern Victoria near the rural city of Wangaratta.

The sign on the approaching dirt track says it all. "NO CARS PAST THIS POINT"...and they mean it! Off to the left, through the trees can be seen a collection of Indian hunting lodges. Nearby, laid out with military precision, are the colonial tents of the New South Wales Corps. Not too far away are the lean-to's and tents of the trappers and traders of North America and Canada, their trade blankets laid out in front of each site with handicrafts displayed ready for sale or barter. Off in the distance shouts and laughter can be heard from the firing range where the shooting competition is underway. Further over to the right, some fascinated youngsters watch on as the finals of the tomahawk throwing competition are wrapped up.

This then is the Rendezvous — an annual pilgrimage to swap stories, trade and share skills; and step back in time some 200 years.





Photos by Keith Burgess

So who are these latter day pioneers who shun the conveniences which we take for granted and without which we, for the most part, would be lost?

They're a cross-section of society who enjoy the primitive life-style with varying degrees of dedication.

Henry lives with his family in a log cabin following the lifestyle of an early American pioneer. "There is a lot more to staying alive and flourishing in the authentic manner than simply not having electricity or running water," Henry says. "For example, we render our own soap, make our own clothes, all to authentic patterns and designs, grow our own vegetables and provide virtually everything we use day to day. Also when I hunt, I use my Kentucky Rifle. Getting to know the ins-and-outs of this sucker took me over a year."

Inspecting the ornate rifle I'm surprised it even fires. Its barrel is octagonal, about 120cm long with a maple stock. It is a small-bore weapon, usually firing only a 25mm lead ball (lead was very precious in pioneer days). Surprisingly, a skilled marksman can hit a deer at 300 metres.

Henry says his family travels to Rendezvous each year to trade woven handicrafts made by his wife and to buy replacement parts for his rifles, lead for the balls, knives and other tools and utensils which have been authentically made.

A typical commercial trader at the Rendezvous is "The Colonial Sutler". On the Sutler's trade blanket are a selection of knives, wooden canteens, lanterns, candles, ramrods for muzzle-loaders, hand-forged steel strikers and various items of clothing — all are handmade.

There are tell-tale signs that this burgeoning movement is gaining support. Pioneer blacksmith forges have appeared in three states, specialist clothing shops in most capitals, and there are now several magazines devoted to the subject.

Henry says that it won't be long before we see people dressed in full colonial garb wandering the streets of Australian towns as already happens in some areas of the States. I wonder. — *Steve Yates*

The Boxster Rebellion

Porsche comes out of the Eighties swinging

Porsche doesn't plan to allow any marauding automotive giant to sweep into its Zuffenhausen headquarters to commandeer its soul and reputation.

Porsche is hurting, but it's begun to fight back against the twin threats of an unsatisfactory balance sheet and predators bent on takeover.

Now Porsche is battling to reduce its break-even point while planning a product-led recovery via the very respectable expedient of creating a raft of cost-effective, market-relevant and highly-desirable cars.

The high-profile recession victim of the early 1990s intends becoming the reborn success story of the late 1990s.

In the short term, a string of less-pricey, no-frills versions of existing models are coming to market as stop-gap measures to reverse the sales slide, and wipe away life-threatening losses.

> **"The CS charges from zero to 100km/h in about 6.5 seconds . . ."**

Later, but not too much later, the German maker of very swift sporting carriages will introduce its new-generation machines, including a small roadster called the 986, based largely on its recent revolutionary Boxster concept car, and, at last, a successor to the classical rear-engined 911, now 30 years young.

The Boxster/986, Porsche's answer to the Japanese sports car challenge, is a brilliantly styled small mid-engined two-seater, to be sold in both soft-top and coupe-body styles.

Right: The Porshe 968 CS, an enthusiast's joy. Centre: The interior of the Boxster/986. It will hit the showrooms in 1995/96. Far Right: The exterior of the Boxster. Bottom: The interior of the 968 CS. What it lacks in comfort it makes up for in handling and performance.

Despite the financial pressures, Porsche rejected overtures to share the undercarriage of its new budget-priced roadster with another manufacturer. It knew it would be placing at risk the exclusivity and image of Porsche.

The last time it built a mongrel model — the unloved 924, made by Audi using Audi bits — the result was not good. Clearly the people at Zuffenhausen have long memories and the mistakes of the past will not easily be repeated.

Inspired by the classic 550 sports racer of the 1950s, the 986 will be radically different from the venerable 911.

The "cab-forward" styling, for instance, is a Porsche first. However the concept Boxster does have some familiar styling cues, including the prominent front fenders and raised headlamps.

The engine is likely to be a 2.0-litre flat four (or boxer) design.

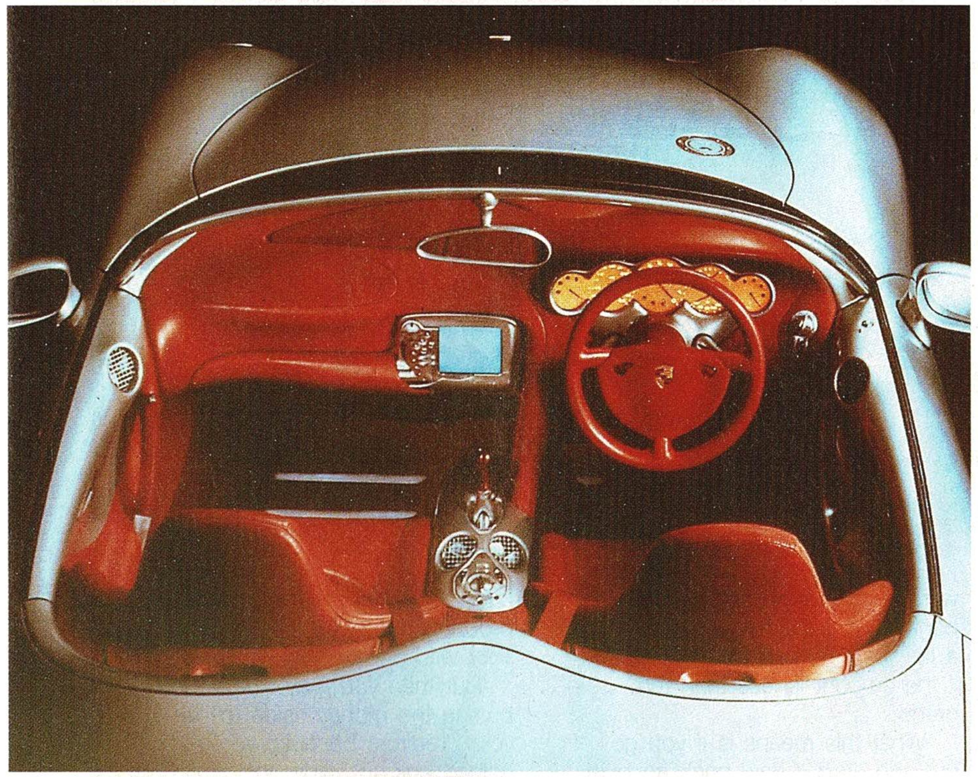
The Boxster/986 will not replace any of the three existing lines — four-cylinder 968, six-cylinder 911, and V8-engined 928 — at least in the medium term.

It will hit the showrooms in 1995/6 at a price anticipated to be less than $100,000, making it the cheapest Porsche in the catalogue.

The more affordable car should achieve the objective of broadening Porsche's customer base, which shrunk dramatically when the over-exposed high-flyers of the 1980s started crashing back to economic reality.

In September, an even swifter re-bodied version of the 911 will be unveiled. Evolutionary, rather than revolutionary, the heavily revised version of the legendary long-service Porsche gets a new double-wishbone front suspension and extensive body changes. This serious reworking of the popular 911 theme, codenamed the 993, retains the present air-cooled 3.6-litre flat six, but with power now up to 280bhp. New, too, is a six-speed gearbox and perhaps a six-speed version of Porsche's Tiptronic.

But the 993, as glorious as it sounds, is but a teaser to a ball-tearing all-new successor to the 911 due in 1996.



With a choice of a new V8 and a revision of Porsche's trademark flat six, the 996, as it is known, is viewed as the company's lifesaver, the model that will set the seal on its renaissance.

The 996 brings the 911 concept, born in the early 1960s and revised regularly since, into the mid-1990s.

While the engine is still located rearwards, it has been moved forward for better weight distribution and, as a consequence, improved handling. Maybe it's not quite mid-engined, but the 996 won't have the powerplant hanging out behind the rearwheels like the 911.

Four-wheel drive, four-wheel steering, alloy double-wishbone suspension and maybe even a bonded aluminium honeycomb platform are all part of the hi-tech engineering design approach.

The use of lightweight material is likely to bring the all-up weight down around 1300kg, or 100kg less than the present 911.

This and the 400bhp 3.9-litre all-alloy V8 will produce mean acceleration of around four seconds for the zero to 100km/h sprint.

The design team has created a smooth, flowing body, contemporary but with elements of the retro look to keep the traditionalists well-satisfied. It inherits the 911's narrow cabin, wide-bodied look.

Clearly, Porsche is setting up for a future in which its emphasis has moved to an affordable model — the Boxster/993 — and the marvellously-competent — the 996.

This leaves a question mark over the front-engined models, the four-cylinder 968 and the flagship V8-powered 928.

Despite their oft-heralded dynamics, neither have ever been howling sales successes, even in the good times.

The aged rear-engined warhorse remains the essence of Porsche, but recent moves to broaden the appeal of the cheaper 968 seems to be working.

A couple of months ago, Porsche introduced to Australia a stripped-out, less-expensive version of its front-engined 968, designated CS (for Club Sport). The 968 CS is the best-balanced Porsche in the current range. It could be argued that no other road-going car around today matches its incredible road-holding.

Porsche's idea of an affordable car, it sells for around $120,000 or $15,000 less than the regular 968, the 968 CS is an enthusiast's joy — a road racer with super handling, huge and effective

Continued on page128

Till debt us do part

The in's and out's of keeping a stash from the wife

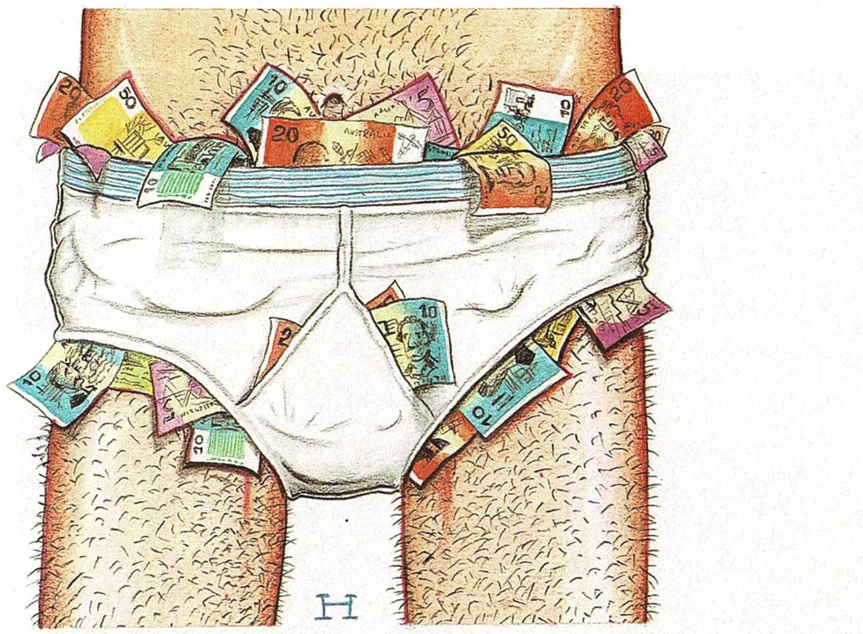


Illustration by Simon Bosch

Hiding money from your wife is, apparently, a big thing in the States. Not just the occasional TAB win or odd bit of overtime, but the construction of elaborate facades amounting to virtual embezzlement of your own money. I know this because a woman's magazine, for which I write under another guise, sent me a copy of an article on this subject with the suggestion that I might like to Australianise the story. At the end of the article it gave some hints on how to uncover one's "beloved's" financial deception: like taking an inventory of the marital assets, thorough reading of the tax return, etc. My wife the auditor.

I'm not too *au fait* with the state of marriage in this country but in America it must be like war. The reason for all this paper-shuffling is, of course, divorce. A secret bank account is one asset that won't be split 50-50 when the break-up comes. Blimey, if the wife is going around asking people about your spending habits and opening your financial mail, it's no wonder the divorce is inevitable. My wife the tax inspector.

Having refused to let good old Aussie women in on the secrets of their duplicitous husbands, I don't suppose it's fair to turn around and advise *Penthouse* readers how to fool their wives. Although I know a lot of blokes who'd like to give their ex-life partners what they reckon is a fair shake even while the Family Court is of a different opinion. So perhaps a warning may be in order.

Be careful. If you have decided to be so ungentlemanly as to leave your missus with less than her fair share, you could fall foul of AUSTRAC — the Federal Government body which is supposed to uncover money laundering by drug smugglers and tax cheats.

You know, I suppose, that banks and the like have to dob you in to AUSTRAC if you lob up with ten grand or more in cash to bank? But if the teller thinks you're a bit suss, he can dob you in even if the amount is less than ten grand.

What this means is if you go out and start a new bank account to channel some secret investment funds through, and the teller or manager thinks it's a bit suspicious, he'll make a report to AUSTRAC, which may or may not pass that information on to a relevant authority (say the Federal coppers or the Tax Department). Both the aforementioned steps are unlikely to happen; but say you do strike an imaginative, zealous bank teller and AUSTRAC does pass on details of your new account to, say the "plastics" or the tax men, what then? Well, you'll have to be paying tax on the bank account anyway because the Tax Department is supposed to be pretty good on the computer matching business and they'd probably catch you.

So, if you're keeping the account secret from your wife you've now got to make sure she doesn't see that particular part of your tax return. And if the Federal police get the information, goodness knows what'll happen. Probably nothing. But you never know. If you're unlucky, they'd probably send you a letter which your wife opens.

But then you may simply be putting the money aside to bilk your creditors because you're going bankrupt. Now this is wrong but, to AUSTRAC, anyway, is not a criminal offence and thus none of their business; nor is — at present — hiding money from your wife. AUSTRAC can't dob you into your receivers or the Family Court.

"This is not a criminal offence, nor is hiding money from your wife . . ."

Still, it's there and it's there to keep an eye on suspicious money — and secret stashes can very easily become suspicious. So, more than ever, be careful about whom you marry. And if she reads the women's magazine I work for, be doubly careful. In fact, run a separate set of books. My wife the fraud squad sergeant. — *David Quicksilver*

Pleasant times

It was a long, lazy, hedonistic day where one wine glass between two could have been a major oversight or some serious good fun. Luckily the Chardonnay was Charles King.

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Plane crazy

Glenn A. Baker writes on the trials and tribulations of travel

Unless the ghost of Oscar Wilde inhabits you, your truly best lines are invariably retrospective. It's a maxim for life that the most searing retorts almost always occur after the culprit has escaped.

I don't recall the airline, the destination or even the class, but I do recall the plastic tray spread with the substantial remains of a particularly indigestible meal. I had finished picking through it within ten minutes and for the next 80 minutes it sat before me, its glutinous mass congealing beneath an air-vent I had employed to scatter its odour in the direction of those other passengers plainly less offended by the cuisine.

With my bile rising, my bladder bursting and my patience exhausted, I was about to lunge towards the hostess-call button when a representative of the cabin crew, on a rare reconnaissance mission, finally presented himself, beaming broadly and loudly inquiring, "Would you like me to take your tray Sir?" All I could manage was a lame nod.

It wasn't until he had disappeared into the galley that the range of possible replies presented themselves: "No, I'd like you to bronze it, so I can hang it on my office wall; Well, I was hoping to pack it away with my duty free so I can have a midnight snack in my hotel room; No I'm planning on doing a painting entitled 'still life with congealing hors d' oeuvre' later on."

Air travel just does not equate with dazzling cerebral ability. All mental faculties are slowed the moment the seat belt clicks and the pantomime lecture begins on how to tie a double scout knot on your life vest while the aircraft plummets toward the sea.

Normal good taste in literature and cinema is suspended for the duration of the flight. Without embarrassment, you have your seat upright and your headphones in place 30 minutes before the commencement of films that you wouldn't attend in a regular cinema if you were sent a free pass.

Likewise with literature. At home you may read Marquez, Mattheissen, Winton, Gordimer and Jacobson — all of whom eventually become impenetrable at 30,000 feet. After a while, the only words that don't seem to glaze your eyes over are written by men who claim to have once worked for the CIA, MI5 or Mossad, and have remarkable intimate knowledge of female orgasm under extreme conditions.

A return to sea level, though, is not always a guarantee of a return to sanity. At least not if you land at Singapore's squeaky clean Changi airport. There is a block of shops near your exit gate vending the usual array of overpriced books, electronics, toys, cosmetics, *et al*. Right beside the block is another block of exactly the same shops, then another one. You usually make your way back to your aircraft by following the ankle-biter who sat behind you and metronomically kicked your seat from Sydney to Singapore.

Thoughts of Changi lead me to thoughts of Hong Kong's Kai Tak airport which stands unchallenged for peak achievements in obstruction, pettiness and abrasive discourtesy on the part of every employee from the cleaner to those who check in first class passengers.

Although it's not quite as stridently enforced these days, the airport authority has always had spotters stationed near immigration to ensure that carry-on baggage does not exceed rule-book limits by a centimetre or kilogram.

Of course safety is the reason, but if somebody in this odious chain of enforcement isn't getting a rake-off from the booty collected, then I have a full head of hair and can still fit into my wedding suit.

Most other countries don't really care about this sort of nonsense, unless you try to tether the household goat to your seat leg.

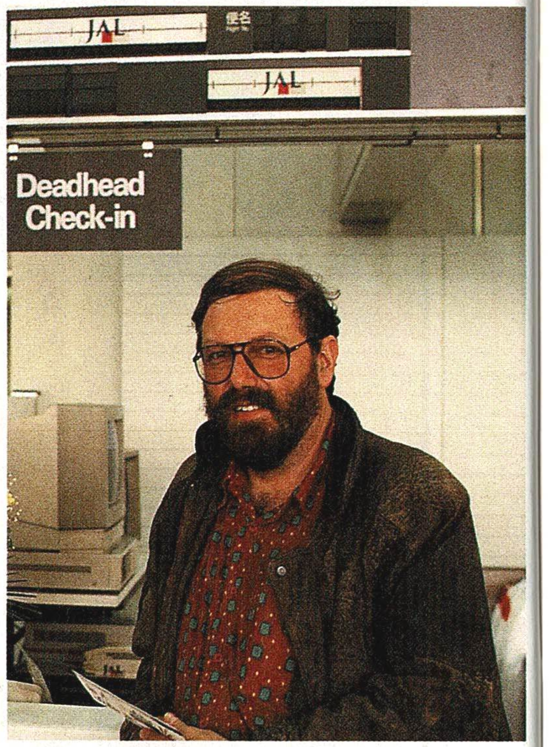

Photo by Bob King

> **"Air travel just does not equate with dazzling cerebral ability . . ."**

The increased sophistication of terrorists has come to result in airports caring rather less about the dimensions of your hand baggage than the contents.

This is taken to alarming extremes at Heathrow, which joins Berlin's Tegel as the only two airports at which my accompanying photographers exhausted every known means of persuasion in a vain attempt to have professional photographic film hand-checked rather than sent through an X-ray machine.

I shan't easily forget the security

Continued on page 110

League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

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Not to be confused with a brand of dog food; in television jargon, PAL is the system used to broadcast colour pictures in this country. It's used in parts of Europe too, but not in North America or Japan which creates all sorts of problems for anybody who wants to view videos from these countries. The solution is a multi-standard VCR and the latest technology in this area is digital conversion as performed by Sharp's VC-WD1. The resulting output can be watched on a PAL-standard TV and the Sharp deck even automatically handles American TV broadcasts received via satellite. Sharp Corporation of Australia will be happy to tell you more.

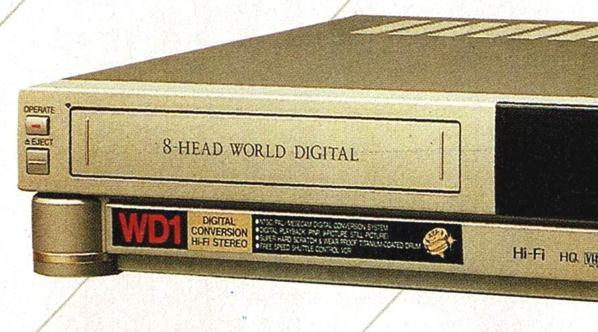
The humble photo album moves into the electronic era with the introduction of Kodak's Photo CD system. Up to 100 35mm images (either negatives or slides) can be stored on a recordable CD and then shown — via a compatible CD player — on any TV. Pictures on a PCD can be viewed in sequence (manually or automatically) or accessed individually via a remote controller. There's also a two times "zoom" feature and the special players memorise the preferred viewing set-up for each image and automatically repeat it whenever the disc is loaded. The on-screen quality is stunning since the images are scanned at a very high resolution and stored digitally. And Kodak's Photo CD players can also replay ordinary audio CDs. More details from Kodak Australasia.

Deterring the light-fingered from lifting your valuable ICE gear often involves annoying inconveniences and/or extra expense. Pioneer's practical solution is the detachable front panel. Without it the component is useless, yet the detached piece is lightweight and pocketable. Your $529 investment in the new DIN-size KEH-M5500 cassette receiver can be protected in this way and there's good reason why you'd want to hang on to this unit. It boasts 4 x 15 watts built-in power, Dolby B noise reduction, four speaker outputs (and two line level outs), a digital clock and CD autochanger control functions including 32-track programming. More info from Pioneer Australia.

It's not every day a brand new audio format is launched, but right now you've got the chance to be the first on your block with DCC. The initials stand for digital compact cassette and the Philips-devised system allows digital playback recording. The really clever part is that your old (analog) cassettes can still be replayed on a DCC machine. One of the first digital decks available is the Technics RS-DC10 which provides many of the format's features including album/track title displays, autoreverse playback, easier track access (with skip and repeat functions), power loading (via a drawer system) and built-in editing. New technology is never cheap and the RS-DC10 is worth $2199, but you can be sure your dinner party guests won't have seen one before.

Technics
dcc
BOBBY BROWN

Long play takes on a new meaning with Kenwood's KDC-C800 compact disc autochanger for the car. It's a compact unit which can be mounted in the boot, under a seat or even dropped in a central console, but it accommodates ten CDs to give at least ten hours of continuous music. The disc magazine features a "non slip" design which prevents the discs sliding out while the transport is elaborately insulated against road shock (which can cause mistracking) and heat. Signal processing is via four 1-bit digital-to-analog converters with an eight times oversampling digital filter so the sound quality is superb. Kenwood Electronics Australia is asking $799 for one.



Travelling in Europe
Macintosh

With so many home computer applications now requiring a colour display, Apple has introduced a version of its popular 'all-in-one' Macintosh Classic incorporating a colour monitor. The Colour Classic has a 10-inch Sony Trinitron monitor which delivers 512 x 384 pixel resolution and provides 256 colours. Performance is comparable with the Classic II and the colour model comes with 4mB of RAM (expandable to 10mB). It also accepts all the expansion options available for modular LC line-up. Other features include power on/off from the keyboard and front-panel controls for the display and sound. Base price is $2495 from Apple Computer Australia.

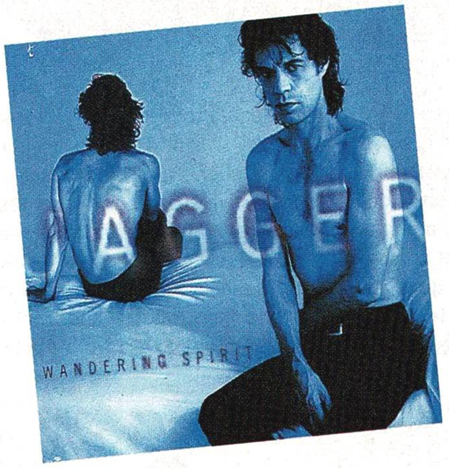
Less than three decades ago a computer filled a small room and it was predicted the world would probably need less than a dozen such machines. In comparison, Canon's Squirt Notebook is a 3.5 kilo laptop which... wait for this... incorporates a bubble-jet printer. The unit can be fed single pages or fitted with a ten-sheet feeder. The brain is a 25MHz 486 microprocessor along with four megabytes of random access memory (which can be upgraded to 12mB) and a choice of either an 85 or a 180mB hard disk for data storage. The Squirt Notebook also has an auto-sensing power supply (114 to 240V) so it can be used anywhere in the world. The 85mB versions costs $6995 from Canon Australia.

SQUIRT
Notebook

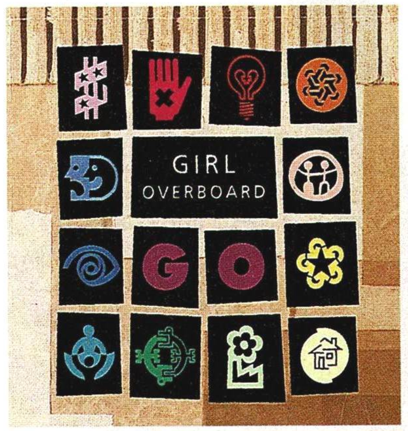
FRONT

sounds review

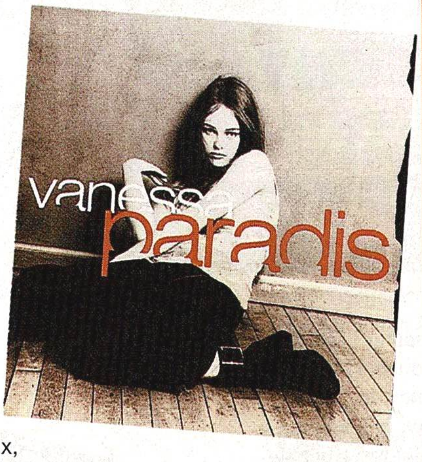
THIRTY YEARS ON JAGGER PULLS NO PUNCHES



After nearly all of 1990 spent touring to promote their debut splash, the core trio of **Girl Overboard** went on an extensive bit of travel to London, New York and Los Angeles. They returned with a swag of songs for Go (BMG).
With the help of producer Charles Fisher they've honed an often moody set that glistens with pop splashes. The band have a gentle reserve that is still allowed varied settings from the rollicking sea-shanty feel of "If Love Were The Moon" and its dreamy sing-song reaction to street-tough hipness — "L.A. Girls Don't Cry". They crank it up for the wah-wah funk groove of "(Get love get) Peace And Hope" and the tom-tom driven thump and pump of "Sylvia Said". The latter would sit comfortably on a Banshees release but Lisa Schouw is no Siouxsie Sioux, her vocals have a hooded almost swallowed quality that don't exactly soar but wring emotion out of phrases with her mid-range vibrato.
In "Love In Her Heart", the spoken sections don't rasp but still set the ache of the scene and her voice (with just piano) slides with simple elegance into the childhood reminiscences of "Jackie".



> ***"Wandering Spirit* finds Jagger as capable and feisty as ever . . ."**



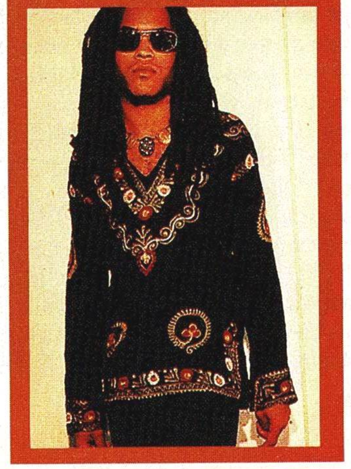
Mick Jagger's Wandering Spirit (Atlantic) hasn't coaxed him out onto the road, but it has got him as far as the studio and some new colleagues who challenge and support him in suitable amounts. He has avoided the obvious and hence ubiquitous session players for a more diverse but seasoned core ensemble. Jagger fired well off the friction between himself and head-strong producer Rick Rubin who stamped his presence with rap acts like Run-DMC and the Beastie Boys. Mick may be away from the Rolling Stones but his lifetime colleagues' collective legacy is stamped on many tracks. One example of this is the track "Don't Tear Me Up" which bathes in the afterglow of "You Can't Always Get What You Want".

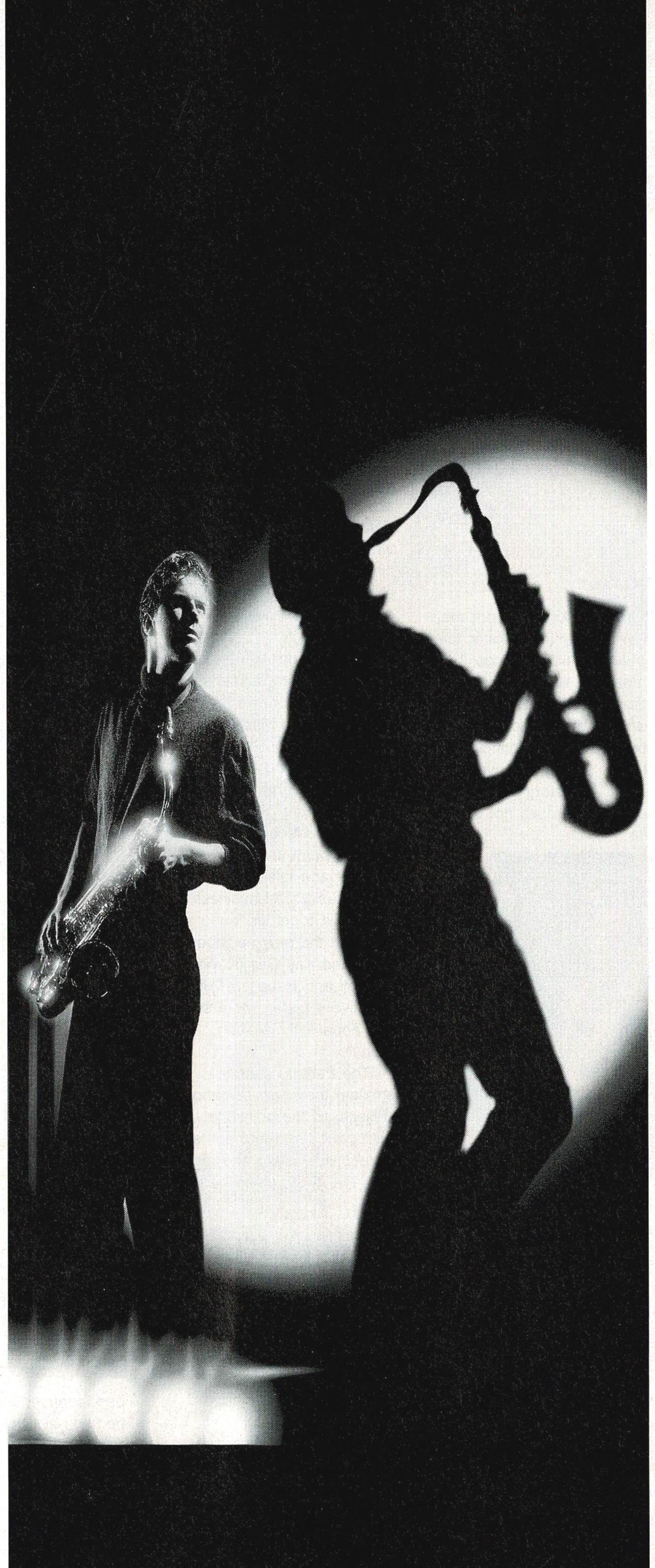
Elsewhere, there is a sense of public self-analysis that would do Woody Allen proud. Just as a lot of country music portends to deliver good old home truths so the countrified "Evening Gown" echoes with notions of his own marital turmoil with lines like "I can still paint the town all the colours of your evening gown while I'm waiting for your blonde hair to turn grey". Jagger's desire to work with other musicians is understandable but it is hard to discern the difference between what he is now and who he has been in the Stones.

Nevertheless, he has made some potent choices in material and partners and this diverse set finds him as capable and feisty as he has ever been. — Jeremy Cook

Kravitz's Kitten

Lenny Kravitz's tuneful energy and devotion to a style of recording, as much as the influence of any particular artists, has continued to give him an exuberant and distinctive voice. He's also been responsible for writing and producing the debut hit for pouting French kitten **Vanessa Paradis** (Polydor). For his own latest offering *Are You Gonna Go My Way* (Virgin), he's still in production. Kravitz remains Mr Positive with advice to "believe in yourself" and calls for peace and love. With Kravitz it is easy to indulge in some distracting "influence spotting" and run up an interminable list including the likes of the Beatles, Vanilla Fudge, Spencer Davis Group etc. It seems Kravitz has gone to the archives for a very different set of artists to inspire him for Vanessa. "Sunday Mondays" is pure Monkees, "Your Love Has Got A Handle On My Mind" has LK in a Burt Bacharach mood and "Be My Baby"(old title/new song) plays on the heritage of Sixties girl pop heaven like the Supremes. Vanessa has a history of being a Lolita-like child film star and her transition to pop siren demonstrates a light, breathy, unspectacular voice. Kravitz is a man who happily wears his heart and influences on his sleeve. For Vanessa this leopard hasn't changed his spots in terms of groove and melody, merely his musical wardrobe.





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KENNETH BRANAGH CEMENTS HIS POSITION IN HOLLYWOOD

Christian Slater brings his unique and very charismatic presence back to the screen in **Untamed Heart**, an off-beat but entertaining film about patching up broken hearts.

He plays Adam, a shy bus boy at a Minneapolis diner, who falls hopelessly in love with Caroline (Marisa Tromei) an outgoing, ambitious and street-smart waitress.

Slater plays a gentle misfit who rarely speaks — a role he has become accustomed to — and who loves Caroline from afar.

The third member of the film's rather complex love triangle is Cindy, played by *White Men Can't Jump's* Rosie Perez, who doubles as both friend and confidante to Tomei's character and antagonist to Slater's.

You'll certainly laugh and there will be moments where even the burliest champions of boofy blokedom will lift a hand to wipe that droplet from the corner of their eye. Slater turns in a superb performance, comparable to his work on the critically acclaimed cult film *Heathers,* and the chemistry between the three principal actors is strong and ever-present. The story flows well and the pace does not slow enough for you to check your watch.****

Very much the golden boy of Hollywood at the moment is producer, director and actor Kenneth Branagh whose latest offering, **Peter's Friends**, can only serve to cement his position.

The story opens on New Year's Eve 1982. Peter (Stephen Fry) and friends (Alphonsia Emmanuel, Branagh, Hugh Laurie, Imelda Staunton and Emma Thompson) dance away their graduation night from college.

Flash forward to New Year's Eve 1992 and a celebration of a different sort has brought them together again. Peter has inherited a country estate and unsure about his future, he plans a party to reunite his old college friends.

His five friends and their new partners gradually arrive at the country mansion, all eager to recapture the camaraderie of their youth for different reasons. Something like ***The Big Chill*** on acid, ***Peter's Friends*** is a comically written, seriously presented film with more than enough to a muster a smile from the straightest of faces.***

Consenting Adults, is a suburban-based suspense thriller starring Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

Surburban husband and wife Richard and Priscilla Parker (Kline and Mastrantonio) are the picture of the American Dream's perfection: they have a lovely home in the suburbs, a bright and talented daughter and a successful business they have built together.

Enter the new neighbours Eddy and Kay Otis (Kevin Spacey and Rebecca Miller) who live a faster, more stylised and apparently exciting lifestyle.

The Parkers start to emulate their new neighbours' lifestyle, to the point that Richard is lured into some serious risk-taking and must face the music when he is accused of a crime he did not commit. *Consenting Adults* is an above-average film with some strong acting, but unfortunately has a weak script.

Mastrantonio turns in, as usual, an excellent performance, and Kline is perhaps at his best in a serious role.

The surprise star of the film is Miller, in her first film role. Miller exudes a singular sexuality, an aura that allows her to express the underside of her character very well. Nicely crafted but nothing special.** -- *Ford Buchanan*

> **"Kevin Kline in his best serious role. . ."**

SINGULAR sensation

In 1979 screenwriter Cameron Crowe wrote a film called *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*, a story of teenage trials and triumphs. It was a smash hit.

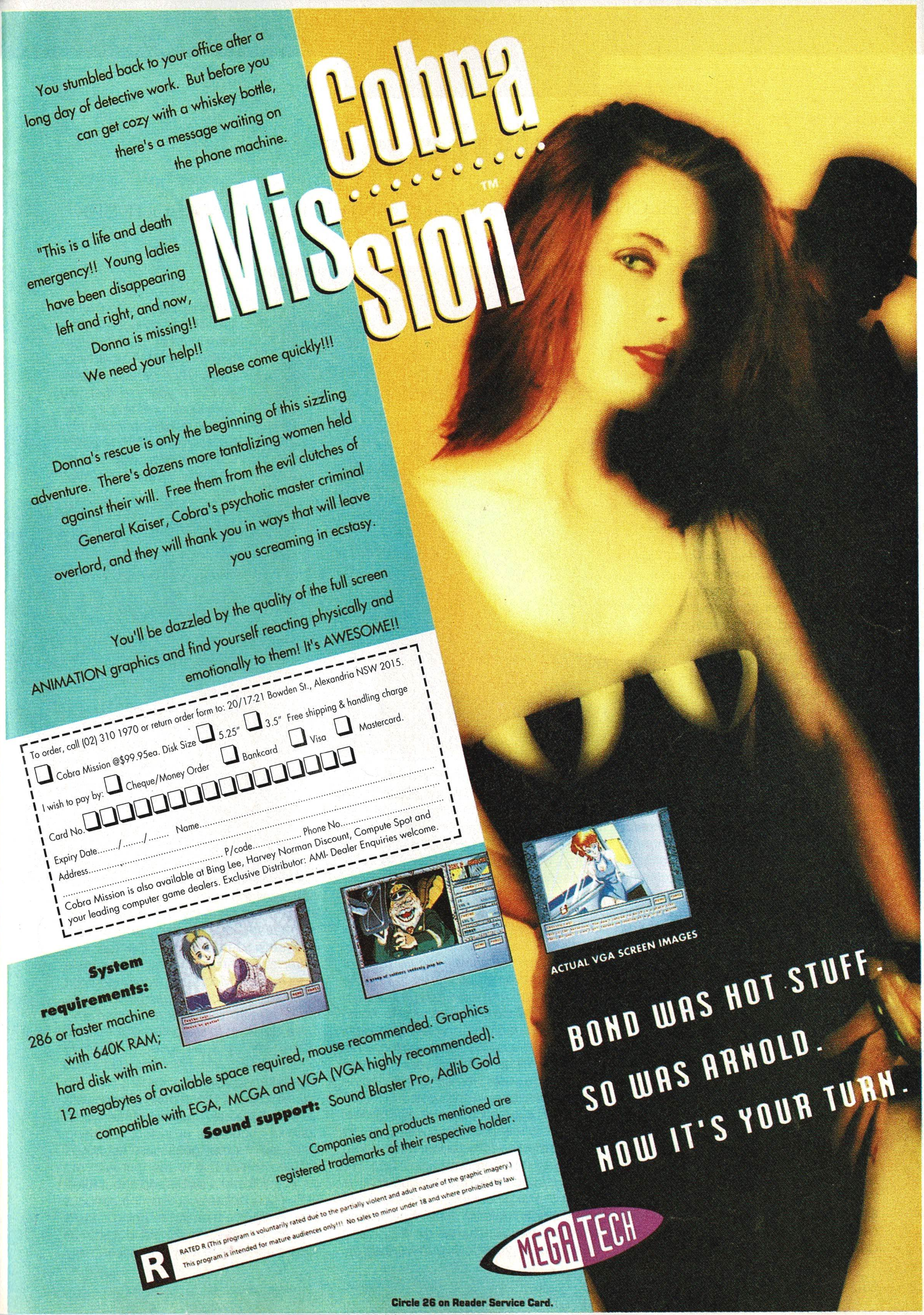
Lighting rarely strikes twice, they say, but **Singles**, Rowe's latest dramatic offering, appears to be the exception rather than the rule.

Matt Dillon heads a strong and tightly woven cast playing Cliff, a single guy who believes a committed relationship would slow down his meteoric, and sometimes slightly exaggerated, rise to rock 'n' roll stardom.

Singles tracks the restless path of six Seattle twenty-somethings whose lives are spent in and around Seattle's burgeoning music scene.

Bridget Fonda, most recently seen in Barbet Schroeder's *Single White Female*, turns in a realistic and warm performance as Linda, the woman in the life of Steve (Campbell Scott).

Much of the drama takes place in the apartment house where the characters live, typical for a film of this genre, but what is actually presented is something stronger than the Beverly Hills 90210-esque soap that it could've easily been. It's well packaged, superbly acted and certainly worth a bum-numbing 122 minutes.***



You stumbled back to your office after a long day of detective work. But before you can get cozy with a whiskey bottle, there's a message waiting on the phone machine.

"This is a life and death emergency!! Young ladies have been disappearing left and right, and now, Donna is missing!! We need your help!! Please come quickly!!!

Donna's rescue is only the beginning of this sizzling adventure. There's dozens more tantalizing women held against their will. Free them from the evil clutches of General Kaiser, Cobra's psychotic master criminal overlord, and they will thank you in ways that will leave you screaming in ecstasy.

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R RATED R (This program is voluntarily rated due to the partially violent and adult nature of the graphic imagery.) This program is intended for mature audiences only!!! No sales to minor under 18 and where prohibited by law.

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If you have a question about any sex-related subject, write to Penthouse Advisor, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

advisor

CANDID COUNSEL ON EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX BUT COULDN'T FIND ANYONE TO ASK

Flood warning

I have a severe condition which threatens to destroy the relationship with my boyfriend. I become lubricated extremely easily; too easily. I'm ready for penetration within seconds of the idea flashing through my mind. Initially this was great. My beau could take me anywhere he wanted, which was fun for both of us. But when it comes to protracted sexual encounters, I get so wet that he can't feel anything. Usually this means I must finish him off by hand or by mouth. We have tried stopping and "airing me out", but within two strokes juices are literally running down my thighs again. I've been to a gynaecologist but he says it is simply my make- up. Is there anything I can do?

For a start, go to another gynaecologist. Who does this quack of yours think he is? It doesn't sound like he even takes your problem seriously. Find yourself a female doctor and ask her for some explanations and advice. If you still get no joy, then how about approaching a homoeopath or an acupuncturist to see if they have any answers. There are also people who practise things like yoga and meditation who swear they can control their bodies. This may be another avenue to explore. If nothing works to stop your excessive lubrication then maybe it's time to come to terms with the way you are. At least you don't have the problem of so many women who can't lubricate their vaginas at all.

Debut doubts

I'm a 19-year-old male from the country who has just come to university in the big city. I'm an avid reader of your magazine but I'm still a virgin. I've always been determined to make the first time I have sex a special experience and not just a cheap fuck. I've been dating a very special woman now for quite a while and feel that she is definitely the one. Obviously I've considered birth control but I was wondering if you could please give me some other hints regarding the practicalities of the event? What do I say? How long should I continue foreplay? What do I do afterwards?

There is no rule book for starting or consummating a sexual relationship. Everybody, both male and female, is an independent person with slightly different desires and turn-ons. What is sexy to one woman may be disgusting to another. The best you can do to make your sexual fantasy a reality is to relax and treat the whole thing as fun. This does two things: it makes your girl more comfortable with herself and it means you'll be less likely to do something really stupid. The practicalities of "the event" will involve you getting an erection and your girl starting to get a wet pussy while you kiss. You'll probably play with her breasts, buttocks and vagina and she will play with your shoulders, bum and cock. You may want to suck and lick her clitoris and she may be game to suck your cock. When you both get worked up (and you'll both know when this is) you rip open a condom packet, pull the condom out and roll it onto your penis. Then get into a position with your girl that you both find comfortable, and let her guide you inside her. And that's it; virginity solved. As for what you do and say afterwards, well that depends on your girl. You'll probably have to answer some annoying questions just as you're about to go to sleep but this is something that afflicts most males so don't take it too personally.

Come again

Is it true that when men and women orgasm, the sensation is different? I've read about some of the differences in the sexual response cycles of men and women and was wondering if you could please outline some of the major differences to be aware of.

Generally speaking, women's vaginal orgasms take longer to reach and when the female orgasm is achieved it is as intense as the male's and is spread over a majority of the body. The male orgasm is localised in the groin and is very intense and can usually be reached faster than the woman's. The female orgasm can invigorate a woman to want more sex and more orgasms while the male orgasm can fatigue a man and make him want to sleep.

Taste sensation

I was told that if I eat a heap of chocolate for about a week, that my come would taste of chocolate, or in fact, anything that I eat in great quantities. Anyway, I decided to put this to the test with my current girlfriend. I swallowed about three kilo's of chocolate over a period of about three days. We then set to doing a taste test, so to speak. My girlfriend said that she couldn't taste any difference in my sperm. The person that told me this swears it works, and is not prone to lying. So to save me scoffing more chocolate unnecessarily, does it really work?

The answer to this question depends on who you talk to. Some girls will tell you that diet affects the taste of their man's semen while others say it makes no difference at all. If your girlfriend says chocolate doesn't change the taste of your come, then that, surely, is the answer. This mate of yours who gave you the advice; he wouldn't be male would he?

Ring my bell

I'm a 28-year-old male who is currently enjoying a monogamous relationship with a 23-year-old woman. Our sex life is rich, varied and provides us both with much pleasure. We've been together for a few months now and there is a sexual act I'd like to perform on my girlfriend but I don't quite know how to tell her about it. While the thought of penetrative anal sex does not really turn me on that much, I'd love to be able to tickle her arsehole with my tongue when I'm going down on her. Apparently this is known as "rimming" and is quite popular and common. Any suggestions as to how I might inform her of my desire without either lunging at her bottom unexpectedly or coming out with something like "I'd really like to lick your bottom" which doesn't sound to appealing when spoken?

Yes, you're right. Rimming is a popular and common trick among couples because it's a turn-on for both the rimmer and the rimmee. The best way to induct a partner into the joys of anilingus is to kiss up the back of her legs, while she lies on her stomach, until you reach the anus. Your lover will let you know pretty quickly if she likes it. If you're too nervous to try it this way then you could try gently and casually running the tip of your finger around her anus while you talk to her and then let the conversation lead itself to what you really want to say. However, be warned. The Good Sex Guide says medical research shows that anilingus is a health hazard.

Eye on the ball

Ever since I was a kid, I've been hearing about balls dropping. Now I know that in my case and apparently with most other men, one testicle hangs lower than the other. What causes this to happen?

You're right; just about every male on the planet will have one testicle hanging slightly lower than the other. It's hard to find medical reasons for this because it seems to be such a normal and accepted feature of malehood. But it may be connected to the fact that just about every man has one testicle slightly larger and heavier than the other.

Fast shooter

As a young teenager I used to wank with a very fast and vigorous rhythm but I found out that when it came to pussy, I was a 30 second wonder. Four years later I'm still the same. I can handle head for quite some time but as soon as pussy comes into the picture, 30 seconds and it's all over. This is very degrading and I feel like half a man that lacks something very important. I'm at the rope's end. I need to know if I can be helped in delaying my orgasm and if so, where and how? Please help, I am really lacking interest in sex and women and thinking of becoming a monk. Please help.

Forget the monastery pal — the hair cuts and togs are quite unflattering and besides, you have to be religious. What you have to do is find a way around your problem. Your complaint is called premature ejaculation and it effects many men in differing severities. Some men cannot even get their penis into the vagina before they start coming. You can at least go 30 seconds, so you're not doing so badly. You need to find an understanding partner who will agree to learn and apply the "grip" when you indicate that you're about to come. This grip, applied by the women with her thumb and forefinger immediately behind the glans prior to ejaculation, was developed by the sexologists Masters and Johnson who claimed a 98-percent success rate with couples who were properly trained in its use. This grip suddenly stops your desire to come without losing your erection. If you can't be bothered finding someone to learn the grip, then there are anaesthetic creams and sprays that deaden sensation in the penis. However, these lotions are only successful with a mild cases of premature ejaculation, they can cause rashes on the penis membranes and they can numb your partner's vagina so that she loses sensation and therefore pleasure. Your first step is to see a doctor. Forget about the monastery — leave that to the guys who want to give up on sex altogether.

Arse about

My partner and I have been engaging in some anal sex recently and she is concerned that this may loosen her sphincter muscles. Will frequent anal sex cause loose bowels and flatulence in old age? My girlfriend also worries about what some of her friends tell her; that anal sex is dirty and sick and only deviants do it. This has upset her since she says she has her best orgasms through anal sex and really enjoys it, but some of her friends try to make her feel ashamed. Should she feel ashamed?

Flatulence and loose bowels are two things that can happen to men and woman in old age regardless of their sexual histories. Common sense says that the sphincter is a muscle that allows a daily, penis-sized movement through it, and therefore will not react badly to a penis. It is a personal thing though. If your girlfriend is uncomfortable with anal sex, then stop immediately. It should always be up to the woman to monitor her own arse. If her friends knew how many people liked anal sex, then maybe they'd shut up and work on their own sex lives rather than trying to chop down your girlfriend's.

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By Design

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Lovely Monika Rice is a 23-year-old make-up artist who decided that she was tired of turning other people into masterpieces for the camera.

"Ever since I became a makeup artist, photographers and other models have been telling me that I should step in front of the camera. I've never wanted to be some sort of human billboard flogging different products, so the *Penthouse* pictures were the perfect chance for me to model myself.

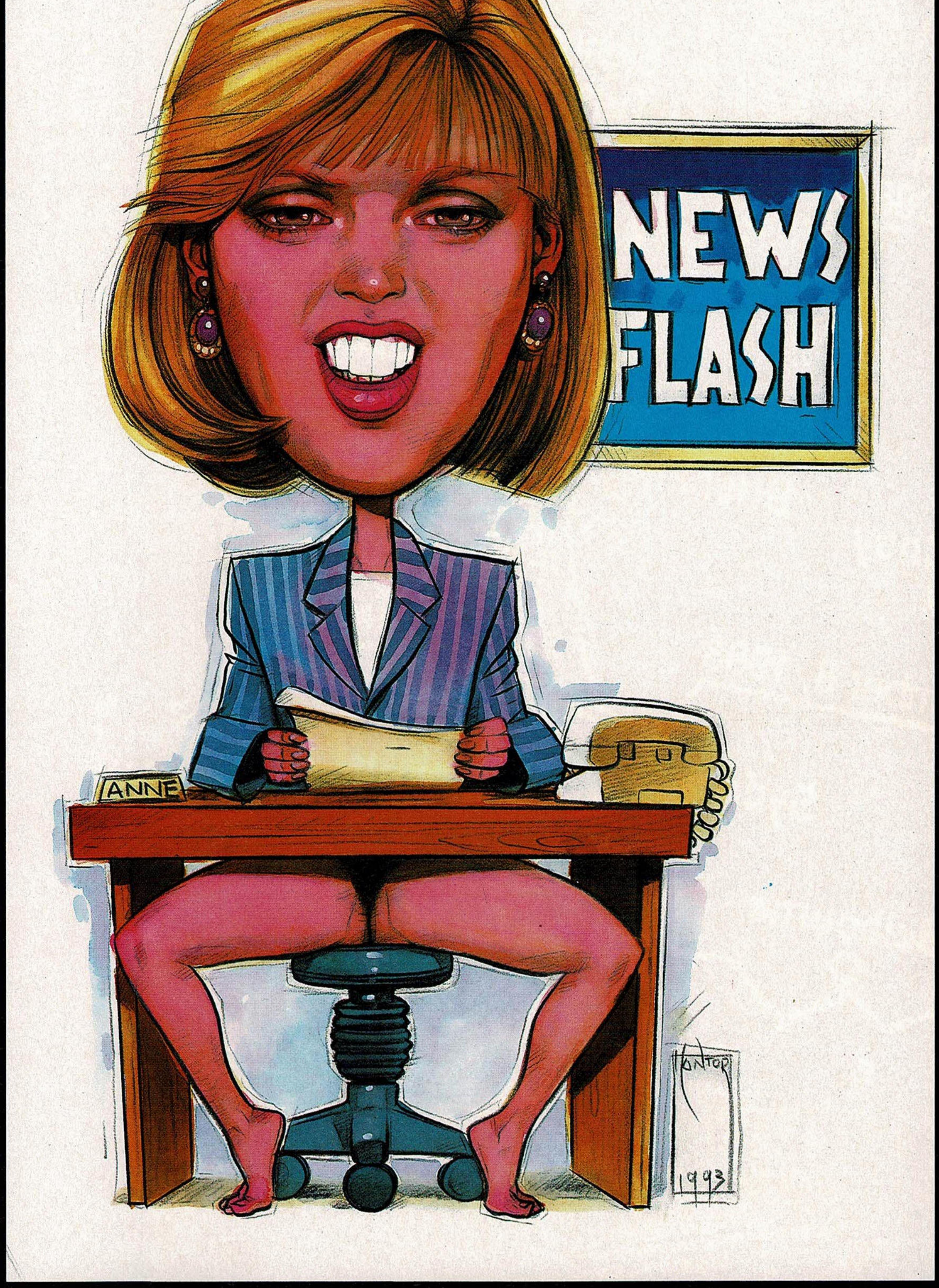
"Being involved in the world of fashion and beauty, you tend to lose inhibitions very quickly and you come to realise what powerful things sex and sexuality are."

When it comes to men however, Monika says that she definitely doesn't want to get involved with a jet-setting model or photographer.
"I want a man who is down-to-earth and not flashy or ostentatious. Of course looks are important but I don't want the sort of chap who feels that he constantly has to prove to the world just how gorgeous he is."

When Monika isn't making people beautiful, you can often find her amongst a stack of books at the local library studying classical literature.

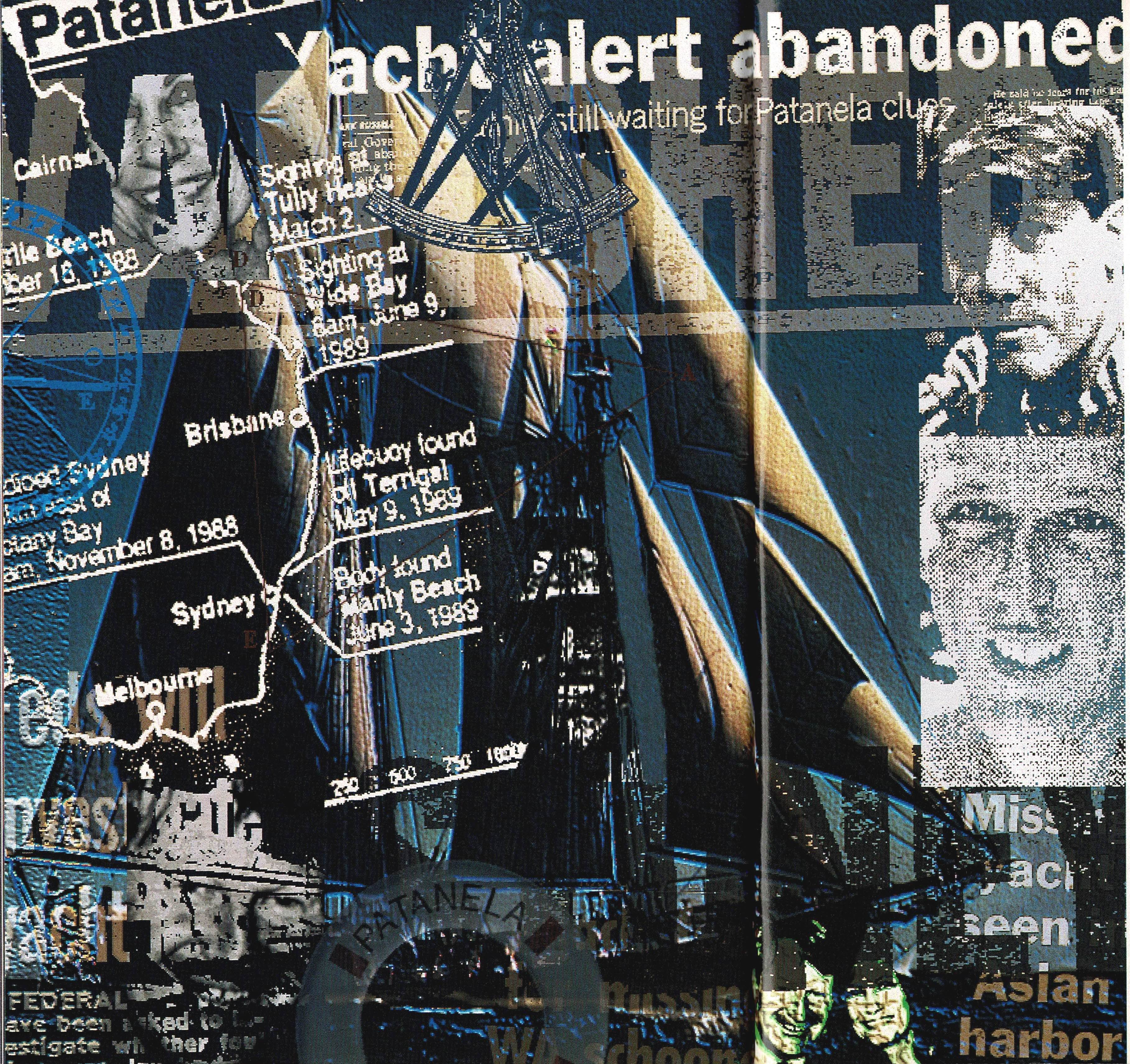
"I'm fascinated by the Victorian period where everything was implied, nothing was stated and men knew what romance was all about."

KANTOR'S


NEWS FLASH
ANNE
KANTOR
1993

CELEBRITY SKINS

Anne Fulwood


Patanela
Yacht alert abandoned
still waiting for Patanela clues
Cairns
Sighting at Tully Heads March 2,
Sighting at Wide Bay 8am, June 9, 1989
Brisbane
Lifebuoy found off Terrigal May 9, 1989
Sydney
November 8, 1988
Body found Manly Beach June 3, 1989
Melbourne
250 500 750 1000
PATANELA
FEDERAL
have been asked to
whether
Seen
Asian
harbor

BY ROBERT REID
ILLUSTRATION BY BOB WITHERS

WHERE IS PATANELA?

Australia's greatest sea mystery is still unsolved

They said she was unsinkable, a tough princess of the high seas. In Tasmania, where she was built, she was known as the Ship of Dreams. Wherever she went on the oceans of the world, she was famous. She was *Patanela* — the big schooner made of steel.

They said nothing could stop her. She had four watertight compartments that were designed to keep her afloat in the wildest seas imaginable. She had circumnavigated the globe, survived storms in the North Atlantic, and sailed unscathed to inhospitable Macquarie Island, 1600 kilometres south-east of Tasmania. In late 1964, she was chartered for a scientific expedition to the bleak landscape of Heard Island in the South Indian Ocean, riding out freezing gales on the fringe of Antarctica.

Patanela

On July 1, 1958 the steel lady proved once and for all how tough she was. On a cold winter night off the north-west coast of Tasmania, with a full load of live crayfish in her tanks, *Patanela* slammed into an uncharted submerged rock and tore a 1.4 metre hole in her bow. Water rushed into the living quarters, but was held in check by the first watertight door. With her stern almost clear of the water and her bowsprit almost submerged, *Patanela* limped 80 nautical miles unaided to the port of Stanley.

She was considered by Tasmanian fishermen to be a miracle boat, blessed by the spirits of the sea, and virtually indestructible.

Yet in the early hours on November 8, 1988, within sight of the lights of Botany Bay and Australia's largest city, *Patanela* vanished without trace.

The all-steel, 19-metre schooner, already a legend among seafarers, quite simply ceased to exist. The well-equipped yacht, with state of the art safety and navigational equipment on board, went missing on a calm night in moderate seas in one of the world's busiest shipping lanes. No wreckage was found, no flares were sighted, no mayday call was transmitted, and the bodies of the four crew were never recovered.

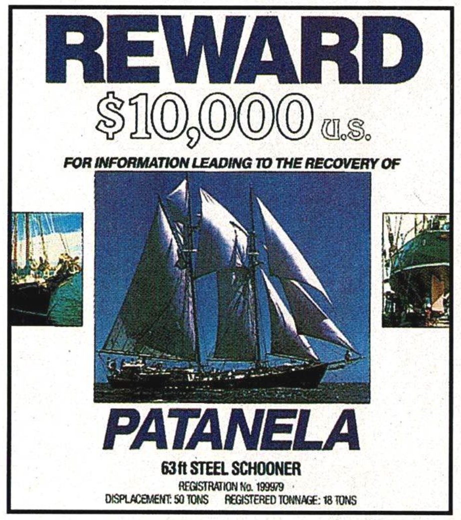
In the four-and-a-half years since that summer night in November, 1988, no answers have emerged as to her fate. But the *Patanela* story has refused to go away. Time has not eroded the intrigue, the inconsistencies, the coincidences and the bizarre events that led up to her disappearance. Rather, the passage of time has lifted the legend of *Patanela* into sharper public focus. People still want to know — where is *Patanela*?

Patanela sailed out of Fremantle on October 16, bound for Airlie Beach in North Queensland. On board were skipper Ken Jones, his wife Noreen, crewmen Michael Calvin, 21, and his best friend, 23-year-old John Blissett. Also on board were *Patanela*'s owner Alan Nicol, marine electrical engineer Ray Mudie, and the Jones' daughter, Ronalee Dean. Mudie was along for part of the ride, to check the yacht's electrical systems and to have a short holiday. Dean was taking a break from a messy divorce and was also along for just part of the journey.

Patanela left her moorings to the cheers of a crowd gathered to watch her go. She looked sleek and graceful after a $40,000 refit to bring her up to luxury class. Her hull was painted a deep royal blue above the water line and red below, separated by a gold and white strip. On the stern was the word PATANELA and beneath it CYC FREMANTLE. On either side, facing the lettering, was a black and

Clockwise from left: *Patanela* skipper Ken Jones and his wife Noreen; Crewman Michael Calvin; Crewman John Blisset.

Above: The 19-metre schooner *Patanela*. Below left: The advertised reward offer for the missing vessel. Below right: Alan Nicol, the vessel's owner.



REWARD

$10,000 U.S.

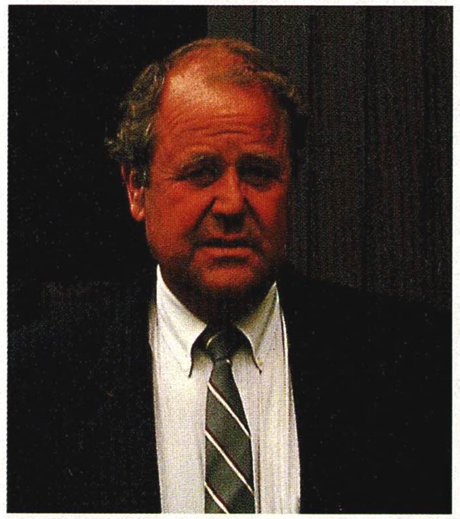
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE RECOVERY OF

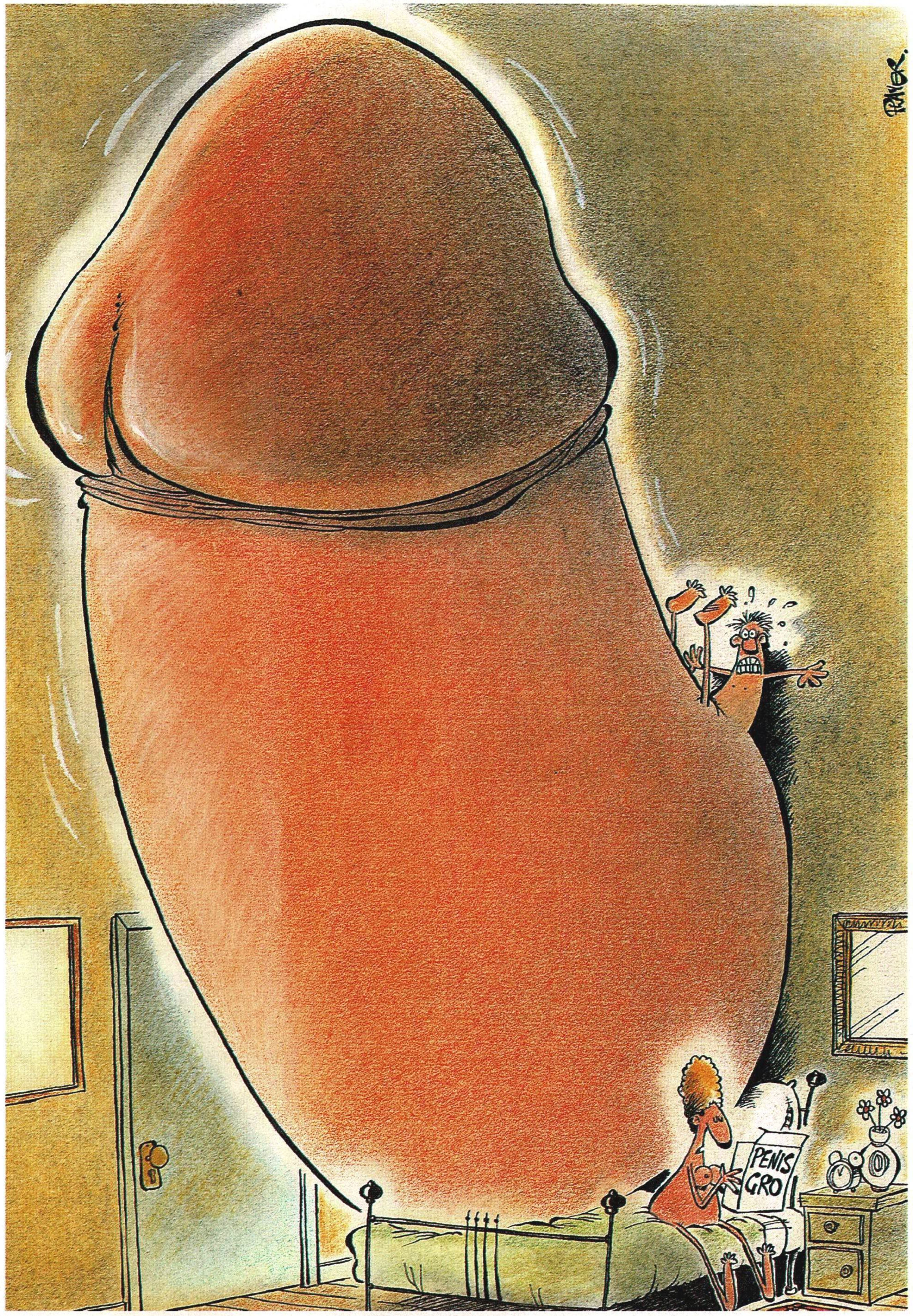
PATANELA

63 ft STEEL SCHOONER

REGISTRATION No. 199979

DISPLACEMENT: 50 TONS REGISTERED TONNAGE: 18 TONS





"Honestly, Brian . . . I don't know why you take these ridiculous pills . . . You know they don't work . . ."

white penguin. Although she had outgrown her humble crayfishing beginnings, the steel lady still looked tough.

Businessman Alan Nicol had recently paid $200,000 for the schooner and on her first journey after the refit, *Patanela* was to be sailed to Airlie Beach where she would be chartered as a cruise vessel.

Twenty three days later, in circumstances as strange as any in the annals of sea mysteries, *Patanela* vanished as though she had never existed.

Skipper Ken Jones' final radio transmissions were picked up by Radio Sydney, beginning at 12.57am.

Jones: "Sydney this is Patanela ... I believe we've run out of fuel approximately 10 miles east of Botany Bay ... we've hoisted our sails and we're tacking out to the east, tracking about zero eight zero and our intention is to tack out for a couple of hours and then tack back in ... we may need some assistance in the morning to get in the harbour ... over."

Exactly one hour later, at 1:57am, Jones requested a wind forecast, stating the winds were "lightening off now and we don't want to get caught too far out with no wind". Curiously, Jones then asked how far south the coastal town of Moruya was from Sydney. Radio operator Keith McLennan replied that Moruya was "about five hours driving time" away.

At precisely 2.02am, McLennan received Jones' final message: "Three hundred kilometres is it ... south?" The message ended in static. Nothing more was ever heard from Jones or the crew.

Only four people were on board at that stage. Ray Mudie had left the vessel at Esperance, in West Australia. Alan Nicol and Ronalee Dean had both disembarked at Port Lincoln, South Australia, and flown back to Perth.

But *Patanela* was in competent hands. Jones was well-respected among mariners. He was an accomplished sailor, winning the West Australian Blue Water championship twice and taking out the 330 mile Perth to Albany ocean race on another two occasions. He held a commercial pilot's licence and was a qualified mechanic. Jones was known as a crack navigator and a fierce competitor who didn't like to come in second.

Michael Calvin and John Blissett were both knockabout adventurers. They sailed the Hobart to Sydney leg of Australia's Bicentennial Tall Ships race on board *Solway Lass*. They also crewed on the 33 metre brigantine *Golden Plover* that cruised between the Whitsunday Islands and Airlie Beach.

Only three possibilities emerge from the events of November 8. Either *Patanela* was run down in the night with the loss of all hands, she was hijacked by persons unknown, or she was stolen by the crew.

Even though a Coroner's court finding, held in Sydney on February 24, 1992, declared that *Patanela* had been the victim of a "catastrophic event" — most likely a collision with an unknown, larger vessel, and had sank with all hands — there are still far more questions to a sinking theory than there are answers.

For a start, Ken Jones was an old hand at sea, a man used to aircraft, boats and machinery. His son, Peter, doesn't believe his father would ever run out of fuel. He also believes Ken Jones was under pressure when he transmitted for the last time off Botany Bay.

"I don't believe any of Dad's last radio messages were his own words. It was his voice but there was too much indecision. Something or someone was forcing my father to say the uncharacteristic things he said. Someone, one way or the other, has managed to hijack the boat."

> Someone, one way or the other, managed to hijack the boat.

Considering the possibility that Jones had run out of fuel, there is still the question of how a competent skipper on a safe boat would allow a larger vessel to run him down.

With the likely exception of Noreen Jones — officially *Patanela*'s "navigator", but in reality a passenger — all hands would be on deck working the sails. It is inconceivable that all three men wouldn't be alert on a boat tacking in the dead of night, without fuel, in a busy shipping lane.

Patanela's lights would be ablaze making the boat visible for up to three nautical miles. The vessel had the latest satellite navigation equipment, colour radar, a radphone capable of calling anywhere in the world, a new VHF radio, a small CB radio and an RDF receiver. The aerials were fitted to the masts and a whiplash aerial was fitted to the stern in case the yacht was dismasted. On top of all that, *Patanela* was fitted with an EPIRB beacon which, when activated, sends out continuous signals to passing aircraft.

Alan Nicol was safety conscious and had equipped *Patanela* with flares, 28 lifejackets placed in several strategic locations, an eight-man inflatable liferaft containing two months' supply of food, a rubber motor dinghy and two lifebuoys.

It would seem reasonable to expect Ken Jones to have at least one of the watertight compartments closed, as added insurance against an emergency. One compartment closed, according to *Patanela*'s builder, Bob Brinkman, would be enough to keep her afloat unless a "massive impact" cut her in half. Even then, the watertight section could be expected to float.

By any standards, *Patanela* was a safe yacht, with an experienced, competent crew. If she was run down by a larger ship, that ship would have to have been very large indeed and presumably without lights, to get close enough for Jones to fail to take evasive action.

Jones' final radio transmission was received at 2.02am, which left only a few hours to summer daybreak. Yet there was no debris observed then or later, no evidence in the form of a lifejacket, a broken mast or a shred of sail.

The sinking, if it took place, must have been sudden, savage and fatal for none of the crew to escape. Calvin and Blissett were young, strong and known to be powerful swimmers. They could have stayed afloat for many hours, perhaps even made it to shore.

No debris. No bodies. No evidence. If *Patanela* went down that night within sight of Botany Bay, it was the cleanest sinking in maritime history.

Deputy State Coroner Derrick Hand's verdict was based on a lengthy investigation by the Australian Federal Police which, in turn, relied heavily on a report prepared by Captain C.W. Filor, Inspector of Marine Accidents for the Department of Transport and Communications.

At the inquest, the "sudden sink" theory was supported by Filor in a series of lengthy and complicated calculations as to how *Patanela* most likely met her fate. Filor made it clear that, "given the right set of circumstances, no vessel is unsinkable and certainly not a yacht of the *Patanela*'s size." However, in spite of detailed research into the number and movements of vessels known to have been in *Patanela*'s reported area, the Filor Report — as it became known — was unable to convincingly conclude just which "much larger" ship was responsible for running down and sinking the steel schooner without trace, and without damage to the ship itself. In fact, only six vessels are known to have been in the general area of Sydney on the morning of

Continued on page 94

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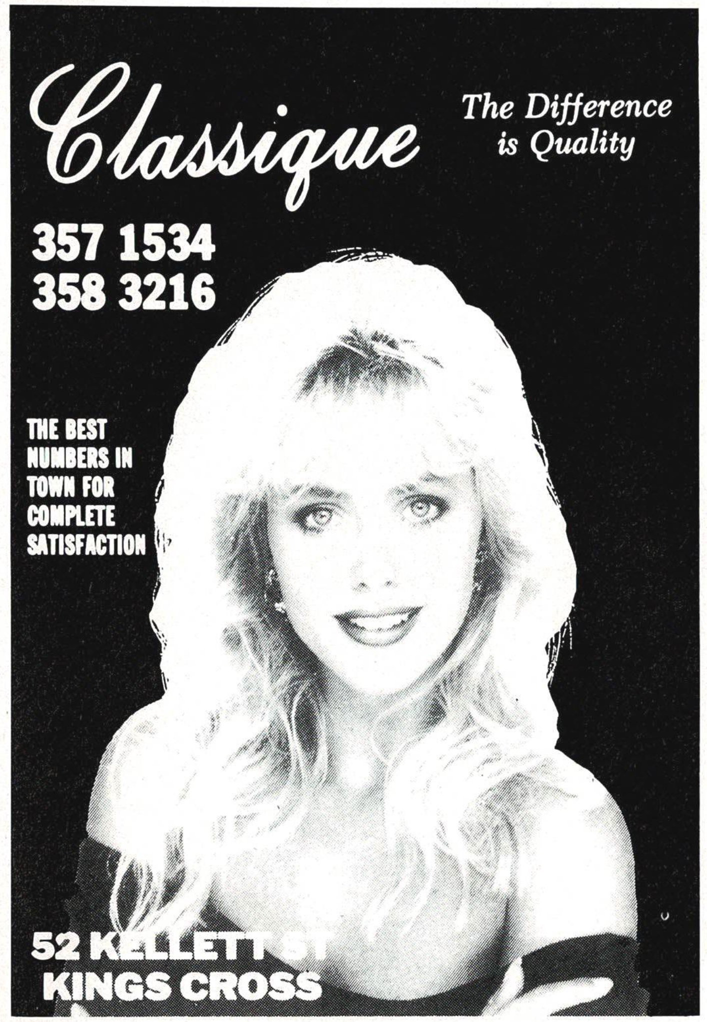

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Love Dance

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK PALMER

Mike and Isabel had been dance partners for quite a while at dance school and when the opportunity arose for them to strut their stuff at a charity ball they jumped at the chance.

Touching each other only in the confines of a dance studio under the watchful gaze of their instructor built up their desire to fever pitch and by the time they got home from the ball, they could wait no longer.

Soon ballgowns and tuxedos were torn off one another's bodies. They abandoned their standard steps and set up a tempo all of their own. Their passion only increased when they saw each other's naked bodies for the first time and discreet touches here and there were replaced by probing hands, teasing mouths and warm flesh pressed against warm flesh.

Mike let Isabel lead and she guided him to just where she had dreamed of taking him. Mike was all-to-willing to be directed and he was as graceful a lover as he was a dancer.
Their beat rose and fell but they kept in rhythm with each other perfectly, moving through every variation their bodies would allow.

STORY BY PAUL. B. KIDD

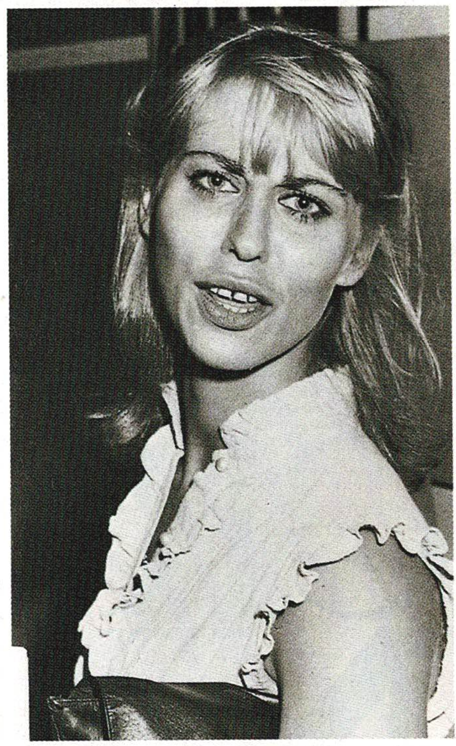
The story behind the man behind the bars

The face of the 48-year-old man sitting in the witness box could have been carved out of granite. It was expressionless as he gave evidence in a voice that showed total disregard for discipline or reprimand. It was a face hardened by a life in the streets and prison. It was the face of Neddy Smith — underworld enforcer, gunman, rapist, armed robber, murderer and now Crown informer. Neddy was dobbing in the cops.

Council assisting the 1993 Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC), Mr Barry Toomey QC, was nursing his most prized stool-pigeon through the evidence that, if proven, could bring the NSW police force to its knees. Neddy was already the most notorious criminal in the country. Now he looked like becoming the most important informer in the nation's history.

Although intellectually in command, Neddy was unable to control the continual shaking down the right side of his

THE LIFE & CRIMES OF NEDDY SMITH



Left: Detective Sergeant Roger Rogerson leaves the court house after being acquitted of bribery charges. Below: Sallie Anne Huckstepp. She was Lafranchi's prostitute girlfriend who was murdered in 1986.

Photos by the Sydney Morning Herald

body and his right arm, the only noticeable signs of the advanced stages of the Parkinson's disease that had been ravaging his huge frame for a decade.

In true gangland tradition Neddy had refused to inform on any of his underworld mates. But he didn't bat an eyelid as he shelved the cops he had allegedly done business with over the years — murder, bribery, drug trafficking, armed robberies, extortion and corruption at every level. According to Neddy, the cops ran the lot. And by giving them all up, Neddy had absolutely nothing to lose. After all, he was already doing life for murder and an additional 13 years for attempted armed robbery.

Neddy had had enough of life behind bars and didn't want to die there. The only way out was to rat on his alleged former business associates in the hope that the authorities would show him some leniency so he could die in his own bed with his family around him.

Under the deal he had done with the ICAC, Neddy was immune from prosecution for any previous offence (except murder) that he admitted being party to. Without the blessing of the Parole Board and with normal remissions, the best possible result he could expect was six years. But with Neddy's track record that seemed highly unlikely. Horses had won Melbourne Cups with less form than Neddy. So Neddy went against what he so often preached. He turned dog.

Neddy's rat cunning and superior criminal ability to negotiate between all of the warring factions of the Sydney underworld had seen him rise to the top of his profession without a conviction in nearly a decade. But for a crook as smart as Neddy, he must have spent a lot of those long lonely hours in his prison cell wondering how the hell he had wound up back in the joint.

Everything had been running like clockwork. He had wreaked fear and havoc wherever he went. Neddy was the man. A real tough guy. But Neddy had fucked up something terrible.

Arthur Stanley "Neddy" Smith was born in the inner Sydney working-class suburb of Redfern on November 27, 1944. He was the second of six children in a fatherless family. By 14, Neddy had had enough of the Cleveland St Boys' High School and decided on a life of crime.

Between 1959 and 1961 young Neddy was in and out of institutions for stealing, assault and breaking and entering. In May 1963, Neddy was sentenced to six years in gaol on 13 counts of breaking, entering and stealing. Those prison years taught Neddy to be as tough as nails. He emerged from gaol early in 1967 over 180cm tall, weighing 100kgs and with the fearsome reputation of a man who was afraid of no-one and who could fight like a threshing machine.

In June 1967, Neddy and Robert Arthur Chapman were convicted of the violent rape of a 20-year-old Petersham housewife and sentenced to 12 years in prison with a minimum term of seven years. When sentencing the two men, Justice Reynolds said that the woman had been raped in circumstances of "appalling depravity." The judge told Smith his action of "spitting on the woman when raping her indicated a warped and perverted mind."

Neddy served his time in the toughest gaols in NSW — Long Bay, Parramatta and Grafton. In March 1975, Neddy was released — tougher than ever.

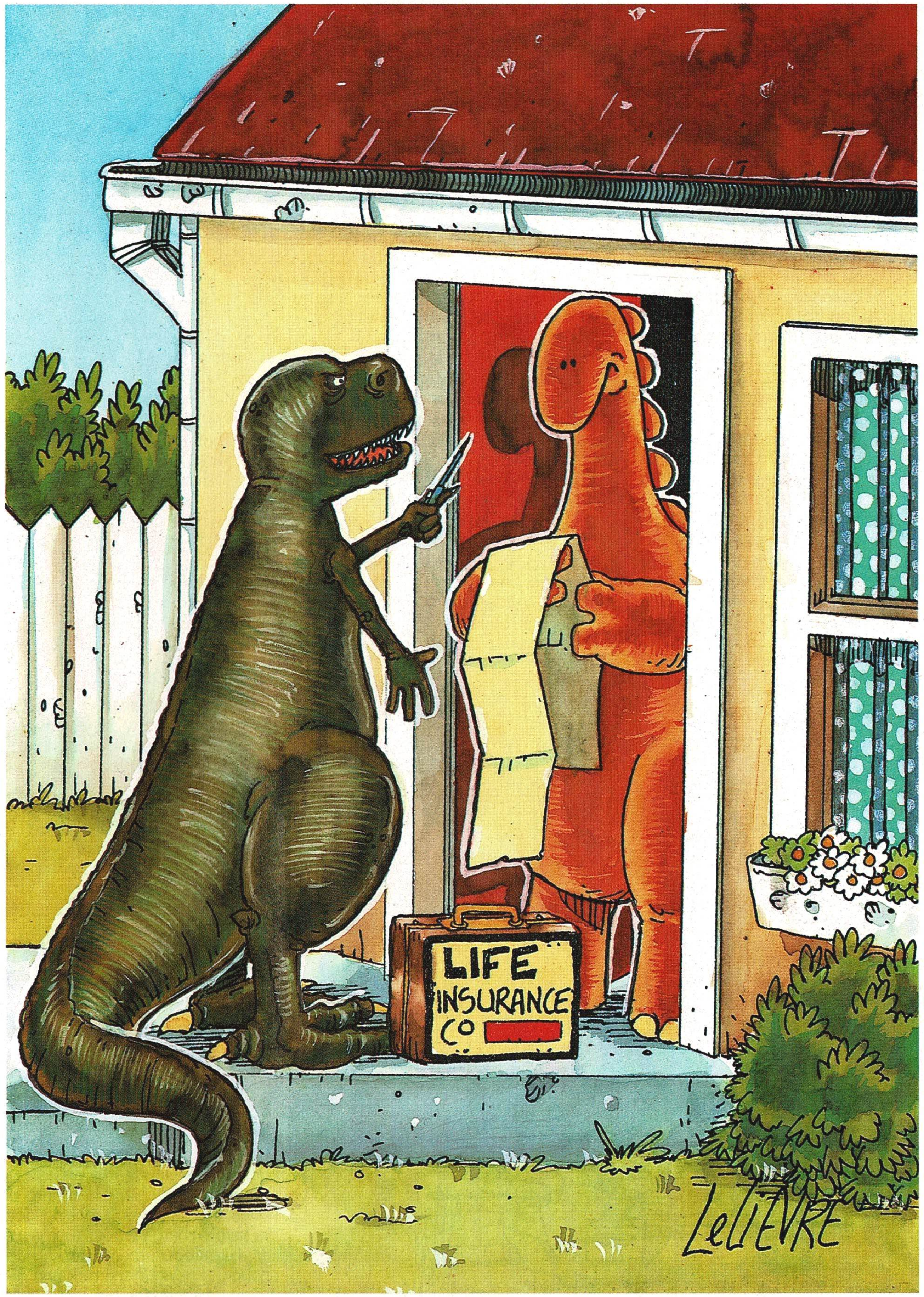
In November 1976, Neddy was arrested by Detective Sergeant Roger Rogerson, then with the Armed Hold-Up Squad, and charged with two counts of shooting with intent to murder together with assault with attempt to rob, attempted armed robbery and possessing an unlicensed pistol. But, as was to be the case in most of Neddy's future arrests, it was found that there was no case to answer on all of the charges except the unlicensed pistol and they were dropped. Neddy's conviction on the pistol charge was later quashed on appeal. A short time after this Neddy became Rogerson's underworld informant.

By early 1977 Neddy's financial situation had improved dramatically and he bought a house in Henry St in the inner-western suburb of Sydenham and turned it into an electronic fortress surrounded by three-metre walls, security doors and windows and closed-circuit television surveillance cameras.

While those close to Neddy maintained that the paranoiac security was to protect his family, police thought differently. They believed that it was to prevent Neddy from being robbed of a valuable substance — heroin — and lots of it.

Their suspicions were confirmed in 1978 when Neddy's tapped telephone revealed startling information about a heroin smuggling ring that was responsible for shifting up to 11.3 kilos of the drug every month. This was one of the biggest in the country and represented about 15 percent of the 1978 NSW heroin consumption.

Justice Stewart's *Age* Tapes Royal Commission report into the heroin ring said: "By listening to Smith's conversations it was learnt that Smith was organising and financing heroin importation from Thailand. The names of a Bangkok bar owner, William (Bill) Sinclair, a Manly



"Naturally, the policy is void in the event of a sudden ice-age, but we both know that's about as likely as a meteor colliding with the Earth."

hairdresser, Warren Fellows, and Paul Hayward, a well-known Newtown Rugby League football star as well as others involved were mentioned and details of the importation were discussed.

"NSW police passed on the information to Thai authorities and Sinclair, Fellows and Hayward were arrested in Bangkok and charged with possession of 8.4 kilograms of the highest quality No 4 Dragon Pearl heroin, worth about $3 million retail on the streets of Sydney. All three were convicted and given long gaol sentences. Bill Sinclair vehemently maintained his innocence and on appeal was granted a new trial. On January 24, 1983, he was acquitted and returned to Australia."

It was later revealed that the most active courier, 26-year-old Fellows, was paid $60,000 per trip to bring suitcases with as much as 13 kilograms of Thai heroin through Australian Customs.

On October 12, 1978, the day after the arrest of Sinclair, Fellows and Hayward in Bangkok, police raided Neddy's fortress in Sydenham and found $39,360 in cash and a receipt for a safety deposit box at the Marrickville branch of the ANZ Bank. In the box they found $90,100 in cash, $10,000 worth of diamonds and a short manual on "how to get a container past customs."

Neddy and his de facto wife, Debra Joy Smith, were charged with possession of money unlawfully obtained.

In the following weeks, drug squad detectives raided homes all over Sydney and recovered hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash and vast amounts of heroin. One of the villians arrested was Neddy's stepbrother, Edwin "Teddy" Smith, who was found to be in the possession of 1.5 kilograms of high-grade heroin. Teddy pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years in the slammer.

Neddy was charged with having "goods in custody" (the $39,360), for which he received six months. Seeing as this was also a parole violation, Neddy was also expected to finish off the four years outstanding from the 1967 rape sentancing.

Through a succession of appeals to the High Court by Neddy's barrage of highly paid legal advisors, Neddy was released in October 1980, two years earlier than expected.

Out of the can, Neddy teamed up with Warren Lanfranchi, a heroin dealer and thief he had met in prison. By mid-1981 Lanfranchi was having problems with the cops. They desperately wanted to have a chat with him about the attemped murder of a police officer and several bank robberies.

The 22-year-old Lanfranchi didn't want to go back to prison and had made it known that if cornered by police he would shoot it out. But there was an easier way. Neddy offered his new friend Detective Sergeant Roger Rogerson $50,000 on Lanfranchi's behalf to have the investigations dropped. Rogerson agreed to discuss the matter and a meeting with Lanfranchi at a secret spot was arranged through the ever obliging Neddy.

On the Saturday afternoon of June 27, 1981, Neddy drove Warren Lanfranchi in a green BMW to a narrow lane called Dangar Place in Chippendale, just a few minutes drive from the heart of Sydney. According to his girlfriend, Sallie Anne Huckstepp, Lanfranchi had $10,000 in $50 bills stuffed down the front of his trousers and was unarmed when he left home for the meeting.

At 2.50pm, Neddy parked the BMW near the entrance to Dangar Place and watched as Warren Lanfranchi walked with his hands above his head down the lane toward Rogerson, about 40m away. What Lanfranchi didn't know was that Rogerson was not alone. The laneway was completely surrounded by 18 heavily armed police.

According to Rogerson's statement, Lanfranchi said to him as they finally met face to face: "I can't do any more gaol. Are we going to do business?" Rogerson replied: "There is no business. We are here to arrest you."

Realising that he had walked into a trap, Lanfranchi allegedly produced a gun from the front of his trousers and aimed it at Rogerson who also drew a gun and shot Lanfranchi twice, in the neck and the heart, killing him instantly. Lanfranchi had not fired a shot.

The gun found lying beside his body was over 20-years-old and had a defective firing mechanism. The gun had no fingerprints on it. And there was no sign of the alleged $10,000 that Lanfranchi's girlfriend said he had concealed down the front of his pants.

At the November 1981 coronial inquiry into the shooting of Warren Lanfranchi, it was found that Detective Sergeant Roger Caleb Rogerson had protected himself "while endeavouring to effect an arrest." Acting for the Lanfranchi family, Mr Barker QC, said that it was open to conjecture as to "whether the deceased did in fact have a gun at the material time."

But while Neddy was endearing himself to the police by informing on his mates, things weren't looking good on the heroin charge a couple of years earlier. His stepbrother, Teddy, had had enough of being in the nick and had cut a deal with the feds. He would tell them everything he knew about Neddy's alleged heroin dealing in exchange for

Continued on page 106

FOR SALE-
-EARTH MOVING EQUIPMENT

Leisa

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE COULTER

mum's the word

Brisbane's Leisa Ryan has a successful business, two small children and a face and body that slackens jaws and makes men stop dead in their tracks. The 35-25-31 Virgo with the light-brown hair and the dazzling blue eyes says that she refuses to believe that because a woman has had kids, she can no longer be sexy or appealing.

When it comes to men, Leisa has very definite tastes. "I like men who are not too tall, have dark hair, dark eyes and a tanned complexion." Leisa, who describes herself as clean, organised and efficient, says that her ultimate sexual turn-on is to be kissed all over and teased. With a schedule that has to be seen to be believed, Leisa still finds time to work out in the gym and occasionally saddle up a colt and ride off into the bush.

Leisa is attracted by the glitz and glamour of the Gold Coast and exclaims that she is drawn to America for the same reason. "I love the idea of all the superstars as well as the fact that everyone is so fashion conscious." When asked about her favourite sexual fantasy, Leisa's sapphire blue eyes sparkle when she says, "I want to make love on a luxurious yacht in the middle of nowhere on a hot summer's day."

Trying to get Leisa to divulge her most exciting sexual encounter is a feat in itself as she'll let go a few details but stop halfway, always teasing.

"Let's put it this way, I have had a lot of exciting sexual encounters. I am a try-anything-once person and I like to live life to its fullest."

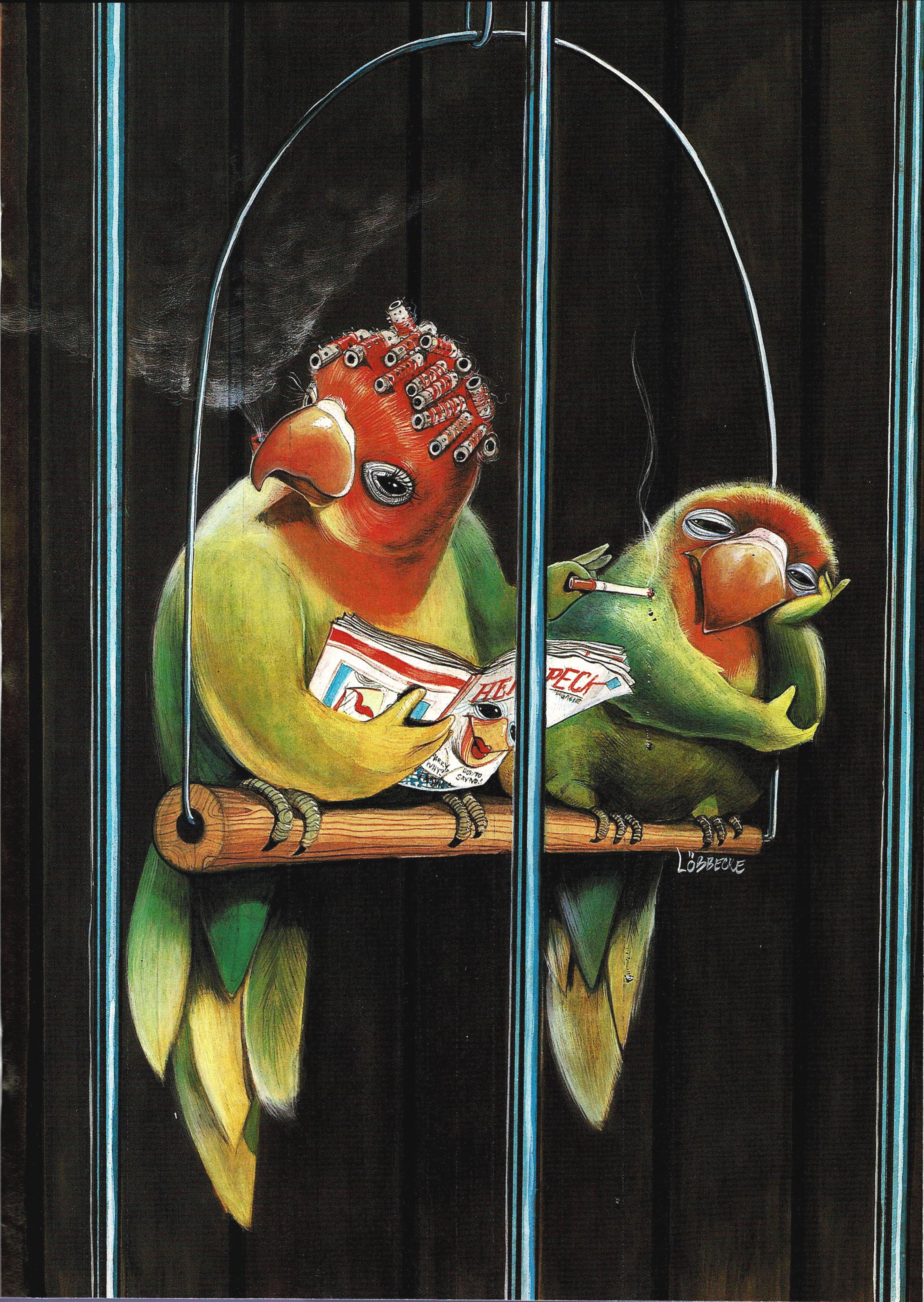
The Penthouse guide to living with a woman

Playing House

Statistics show that at this very moment, many of you will be wondering whether or not to move in with a woman. You may be insanely in love — spending six nights a week together — only to phone her six times the night you're apart. Perhaps you're fantasising about a future of perpetually matched socks and sex whenever you want it. Forget it, I mean, let's stick with the love option. So you're starting to think it's unnatural for a man and woman not to pair, bond and live together. It is. But does she have the slightest inclination towards living with you? Many otherwise intelligent men are horrified to find their intended house companion has already formed plans for eloping to Hong Kong or starting a misandrist support club. A woman in nest mode actually emits several signals that the superior man soon learns to decode.

HUMOUR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LOBBECKE


HEN PECK
HARRY, WHY?
HOW TO SAY NO!
LÖBBECKE

Playing house

How to tell if she wants you to live together

She not only purchases an auxiliary toothbrush for your sleepovers — you acquire a designer dressing gown and she has her own special little spot on your bathroom shelves.

She talks in glowing terms of any cohabiting couples you know.

Her friends phone her at your place. So does her mother and network telephone salespeople even ask for her by name.

She throws parties at your place. She throws you a surprise engagement party at your place.

She hates her flatmate. She says her flatmate hates you and yours hates her. She also hates your flatmate.

She gets to leave the answering message on your answering machine. "Sorry, he ain't here right now and if you're a girl don't ever ring back. Byeee..."

She not only drags you out supermarket shopping with her but considers it a peak experience of the week.

She asks you to lie for her.

If you ticked off three or more of the foregoing then it's more than likely she's fantasising about setting up house with you. So you're thinking, "Great — living with the woman I love — sex on tap" and she's thinking, "Wonderful — living with the man I love — someone to kill the really big cockroaches that come in from the garden."

Before you ring the real estate agent, there is one aspect of woman that every right-thinking bloke ought to be aware of. Though the squalor of the bachelor pad has been richly depicted in *Australian Penthouse*, little is known about the gory, gothic horror that is the Spinster Pad.

The Spinster Pad

Some of the world's most gorgeous women emerge, like glistening butterflies, from the grubbiest chrysalis. She glows before you but somewhere, back at home, she's left her bathroom... a towering mountain of mouldy laundry in one corner, a small damp heap of towels covered with the body hair she's just removed in the other. The original shower curtain has rotted and been replaced by an innovative arrangement of dripping lingerie. Dozens of bottles and jars lie overturned and dribbling — their lids long since departed. Abandoned behind the toilet (which thankfully has the lid down) lives a coffee cup with three different breeds of spore proliferating.

In the basin, next to the petrified clumps of toothpaste, the thing that resembles a rusting nipple clamp turns out to be her eyelash curler. Nail varnish and tan foundation splatter the walls. Concealed in the never-never land of the bath scourers and tile cleaners is her lipstick museum where she hordes tubes of lipstick dating back to the early Eighties.

Mosquitoes hover over the crotch of a pair of slightly blood-stained knickers at the bottom of the laundry pile. Sanitary pads are clogging up the S-bend of the loo. A used tampon she whipped out in a hurry one passionate night last September is under the bed. Next to it lie the crumpled up crisp packets, apple cores, crumbs shaken off the sheets and a stack of *New Ideas* too tacky for the coffee table.

She doesn't go out every night because she's a groovy young thing. She goes out every night because she's scared to open the fridge. It's full of UFOs (Unidentified Frozen Objects). The freezer's completely iced over and if it were ever defrosted (perhaps in the event of a nuclear holocaust) it's likely to contain items of archaeological significance. The top shelf of the fridge proper is devoted to health food purchases: tofu, bean sprouts that have sprouted into fully grown bean stalks, rotting wheatgerm, wet brown stalks that were once organic broccoli and low-fat cottage cheese with one spoonful taken out of it.

On the next shelf live the items she actually lives on — vegemite, instant macaroni cheese, chocolate, pizza, four-litre cask of paint stripper and ancient boiled eggs. The bottom shelf is home sweet home to insect life and the home-made face creams she made during her hippy phase.

So much for that brief sampling of the spinster pad. When you and her live together, of course, everything will be different. You will miraculously become a home handyman — able to effect dozens of minor and major repairs — from rewiring a cockroach sabotaged fridge to grouting out an attic. She'll suddenly have the ability to whip up a delicious, nourishing and satisfying meal even as she effortlessly maintains a warm, luxurious and ecologically sound home for the pair of you. Money problems will no longer exist for, as everyone knows, two can live as cheaply as one. It's just that the one person always seems to be Elizabeth Taylor.

If your relationship actually survives moving day it has an excellent prognosis for survival. Moving house is rightly ranked as one of the most stressful experiences known to mankind.

Somebody (you?) will cherish some disgusting piece of vinyl furniture they can't live without and which somebody else can't live with. And for the first time, instead of arguing over exciting issues like what exactly constitutes mental infidelity, you'll have a barney over whether the bed should face north or south.

"And how many people have you

GUILTY

ON 5 COUNTS

R 18+

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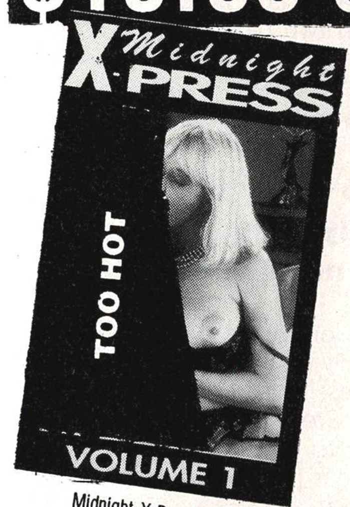
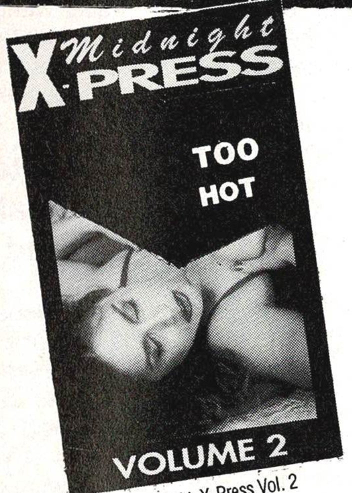
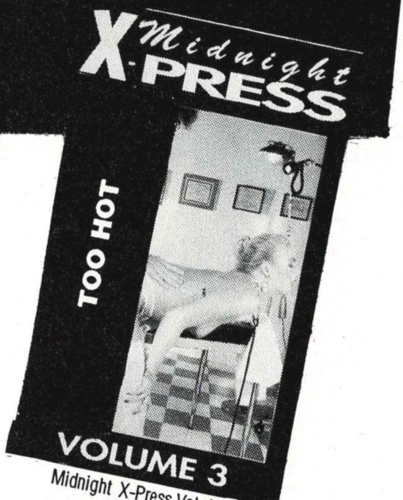


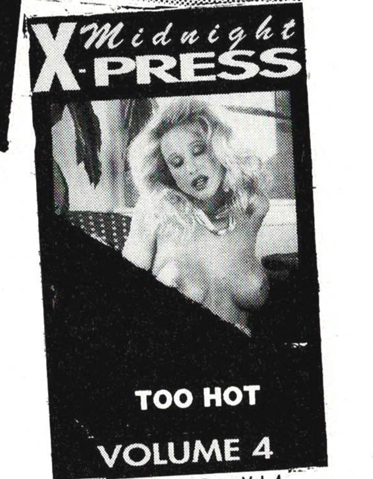
Midnight X-Press Vol. 1
Oral Sex



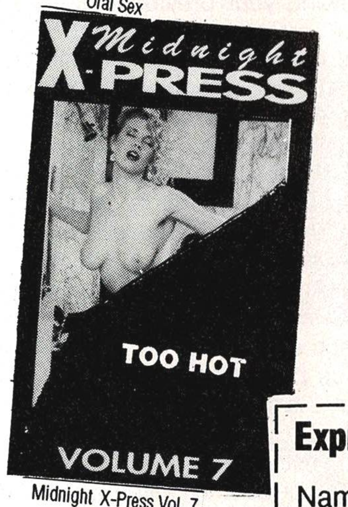
Midnight X-Press Vol. 2
Interrracial Penetration



Midnight X-Press Vol. 3
Rear Sex

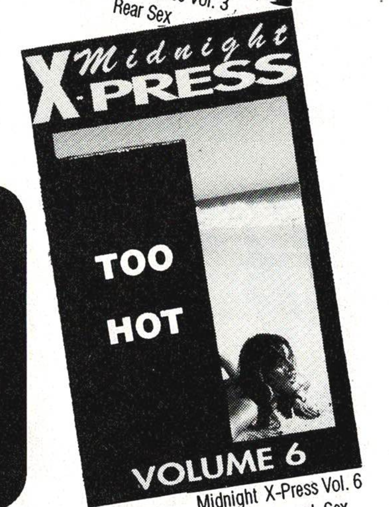


Midnight X-Press Vol. 4
Blonde & Bitchy

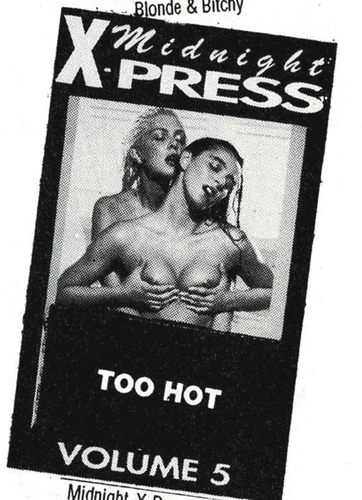


Midnight X-Press Vol. 7
Wet, wet, wet

The best hard sex tapes your money can buy



Midnight X-Press Vol. 6
Multi-coloured Sex



Midnight X-Press Vol. 5
Girl on Girl

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Address: ....
.... P/code: ....
Signature ....
(I am over 18 years of age)

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$15 FOR
2 OR MORE

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☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Exp.../.../......

Vol 1 ☐
Vol 2 ☐
Vol 3 ☐
Vol 4 ☐
Vol 5 ☐
Vol 6 ☐
Vol 7 ☐
TOTAL FOR VIDEOS ☐
ADD P & H ☐
TOTAL ENCL. ☐

MAGAZINES AVAILABLE

fucked on that bed anyway — maybe we should get a new bed — well in that case we better get a new kitchen table — shut up — no, you shut up — disgusting taste — yeah like I picked you — mad to let you persuade me to live with you — you were the one insisting — shut up — no, you shut up." And so on.

Anyhow, assuming you do move in together and not right out again, the next stage is the very important — staking out territory. Women do this with soft whiffs of scent lingering in sunlit air and by leaving the tear tabs off the back of their sanitary pads everywhere. The few modest cosmetic items you saw at her spinster pad (the rest were "all her flatmate's") mushroom into a payload big enough to stink a battleship.

Then, one wet bra appears dripping off the shower rail. In the middle of the night it mates with her dressing gown that was left on the floor and breeds a whole family of sodden lingerie hanging like drowning bats off the rail.

Desperately you seek to stake out your turf. You hang your Y-fronts off all the door handles, you knock her mascara off the basin and put your shaving equipment in its place. As the contents of her handbag sprawl all over the kitchen table you fluff up your wallet and splay out the cards so it covers almost as much territory.

Scientific studies have shown that when people of the same sex live together their hormones actually synchronise. Women ovulate and bleed together. They get PMT and crave Black Forest cake at the same time. They get horny and hit the town concurrently. They both suddenly get the urge to spring clean, throw everything out and get new boyfriends. Men simultaneously ache for a pizza, a surf, some passive sporting activity or the chance to disembowel an innocent car together. But when a man and a woman live together their respective hormones are warring.

This is because scientific studies have also shown that men actually come from Mars and women from Venus. That's why when He wants to sprawl in front of a Jean-Claude Van Damme movie, the She-Creature wants to try sexual yoga. This is when the much vaunted compromise, the give-and-take of modern cohabitation enters into the domestic picture. As a husband or de facto partner, the law requires certain things intimidate your woman and quite rightly so. The Sisterhood, however, recognises certain other quasi-legal masculine obligations. These are:

(1) That nothing you say shall ever be taken at face value.

(2) That her sexual needs shall always be fulfilled but that yours could constitute patriarchal oppression.

(3) That you should be able to find a tea towel as easily as most adult men can now find the clitoris or a pub.

(4) That she should receive three months notice of any social occasion but be able to summon you at a moment's notice to one of her choosing.

Most men exhibit less complex needs. They merely require of their beloved that she not nag. And that she put out.

Being the ideal companion, I never nag. I'm not even sure what it is. "Darling — how would you define nagging?" I asked the masculine being I live with. "You, darling," he replied.

Anyhow, it's a well known fact that men have evolved the trait of selective listening. They can hear footie scores over the roar of a jet engine. They can hear the rustle and clink of a woman's suspender belt and stockings if she walks within two blocks of them, but they're often deaf to the scrabbling sound of the cockroaches mating in the garbage they haven't taken out.

How to tell when you're actually living together and not just dating

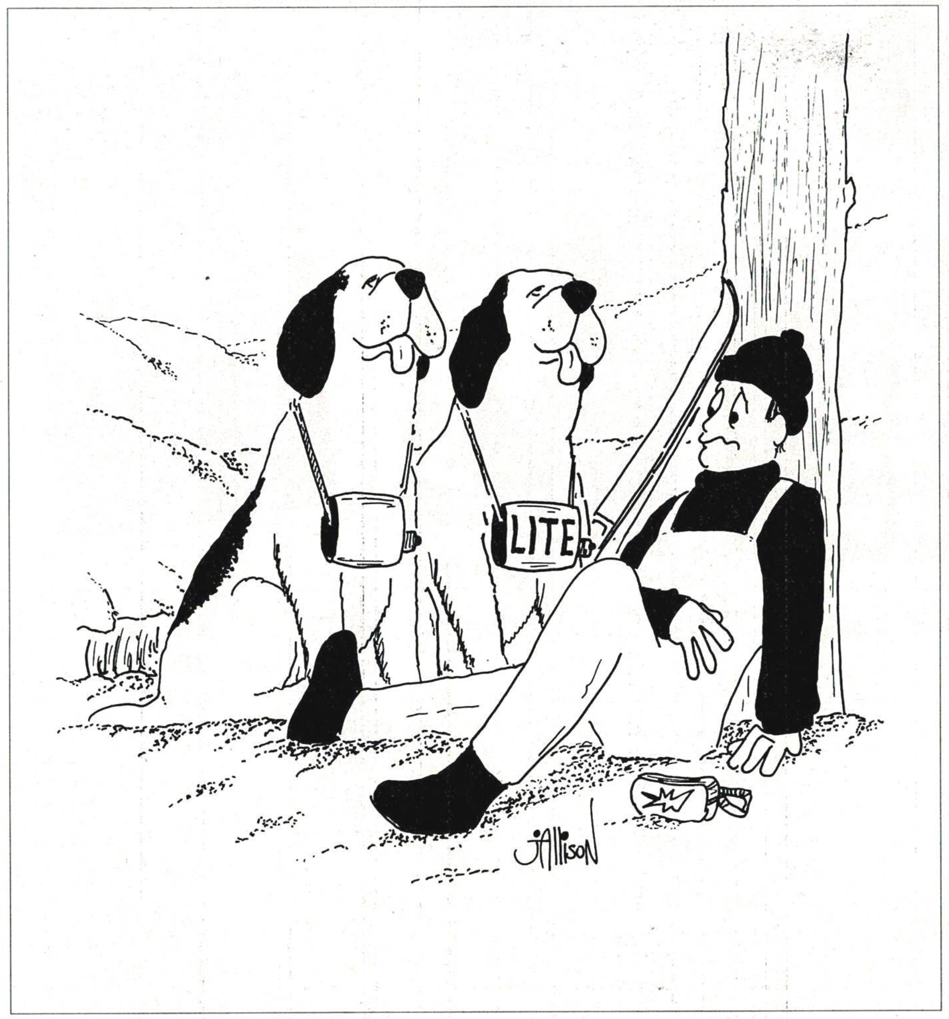
You lope off to the video store and return defiantly with *Die Hard*, *Die Harder* or *Die Hardest* instead of the requested *Beaches* or *Steel Magnolias*. And then you cheat! You say, "Sorry baby all the copies of your (soppy girl cryfest shit) video were out."

Eschewing your previous "gourmet intellectual" pretensions you settle down in front of the box for the night with the beer on one side of your armchair and Kentucky Fried Chicken on the other. Instead of slinkily joining you to watch the footie in her baby-doll nightie and asking cute questions, she dons a cardie and drags out her *New Idea* magazines from under the bed to read.

Living with a woman you become immersed in her internal rhythms, the endless ebb and flow of her moods, the mysterious bitch pains that strike her from time to time and the alarming flurry of psychotic activity heralding her monthly menstrual flow.

She may be stricken with NSS (Non-Specific Spite), flay you alive with directionless nagging and then emerge delicately from the bathroom, a vulnerable creature, to ask "Do you think I'm pretty?"

And because the labyrinthine depths of her mind afford you a fascinating opportunity to study an alien civilisation at close hand, you stick around. And because she listens, talks, understands, laughs, sleeps with you and puts out. And loves you.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI

Here she is ladies and gentlemen — the 1993 Penthouse Pet Of The Year — the beautiful Miss Isabel Monroe. Isabel first appeared in Penthouse in 1988 at the age of 18 in what she called her coming of age pictorial. The reaction to her first centrefold was so overwhelming that Isabel was asked to do another pictorial for the January issue of this year. And as a contender in the Pet Of The Year, her loyal fans of four years left little doubt as to whom they thought should win the title. If you thought Isabel was hot when she was 18, have a look at her now — she sizzles.

PET OF THE YEAR 1993

The Polish-born beauty who grew up in Sydney has now turned her seemingly boundless talents in yet another direction. Not the bashful type, Isabel now heads up a rock and roll band called Black Vanity. She has no qualms about strutting her stuff on stage and thinks this would be the perfect way to keep her from the nine-to-five rut. that she despises. The lady with the striking sapphire-blue eyes who has worked as a professional dancer keeps herself busy writing and recording new songs in which she says she tries to capture the irony of life. Isabel has an amazing self-confidence and a self-esteem which only heightens the impact of her breathtaking physical appearance.

PET OF THE YEAR 1993

Four years ago Isabel said she believed that you if you put your mind to it, you could achieve anything you wanted to. Today she has certainly proved that. Isabel has been Pet Of The Month twice, been on the cover of one of the highest selling January issues ever and had tremendous support from voters to take out Australian Penthouse's most coveted prize, Penthouse Pet Of The Year. As Pet Of The Year, Isabel wins a prize package valued in excess of $60,000 which is detailed on the following pages. Congratulations Isabel, you've earned it.

For our Pet Of The Year, comes Toyota's four-wheeled fashion statement — the Celica SX Liftback valued at $36,000. This sleek, powerful road-machine features a high-performance 2.2 litre twin-cam multi-valve engine whose gutsy performance is enhanced by electronic multi-point fuel injection. With features like four wheel disc brakes and four wheel independent suspension, the Celica is a motoring enthusiast's dream combining power and road-holding. Standard features on the Celica SX include central locking, AM/FM radio cassette with a four speaker system and power antenna, power windows and tilt-adjustable steering and Isabel will no doubt be causing quite a stir as she prowls the streets in this vehicle guaranteed to turn just as many heads as she will.

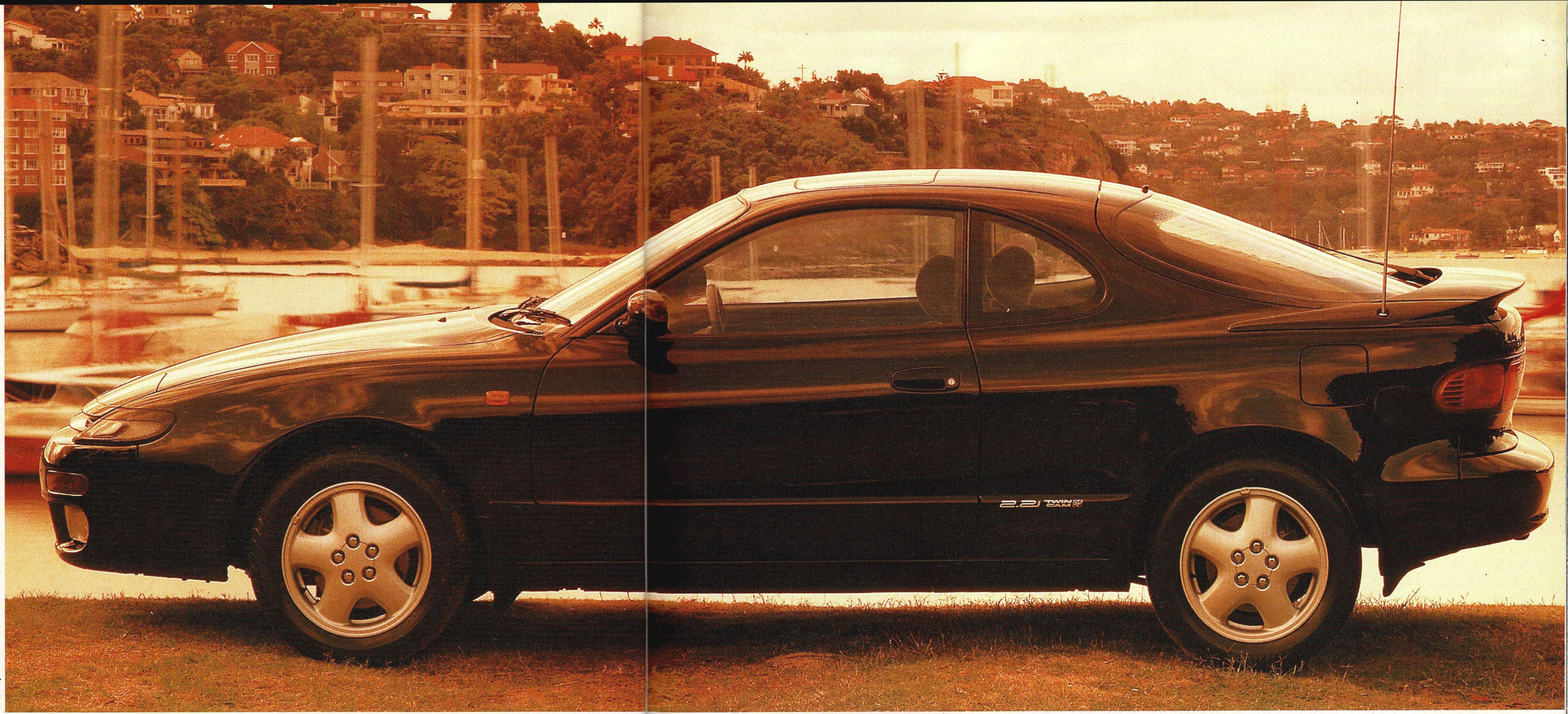


Photo by Geoff Howden

Befitting the Penthouse Pet Of The Year, Isabel receives the definitive Penthouse symbol, the distinctive Penthouse key. This exquisite piece of jewelry is crafted in 18-carat gold and enhanced with a half-carat diamond. Worth $7000, this stunning piece is designed and hand-crafted by Gio Va Jewelers of Neutral Bay, Sydney. Each of the other contestants will receive a nine-carat key worth $600.

RADO
jubilé

Style and beauty is what the Penthouse Pet Of The Year is all about, as is the Rado Swiss watch that will be gracing Isabel's wrist. The sleek Rado Swiss "La Coupole Ceramique" watch is manufactured from high-tech ceramics and sapphire crystal. The watch features 4 diamonds set on the dial, it has quartz movement and is waterproof tested to 30 meters. This elegant and functional fashion accessory is valued at $2,500 and is avialable in three sizes.

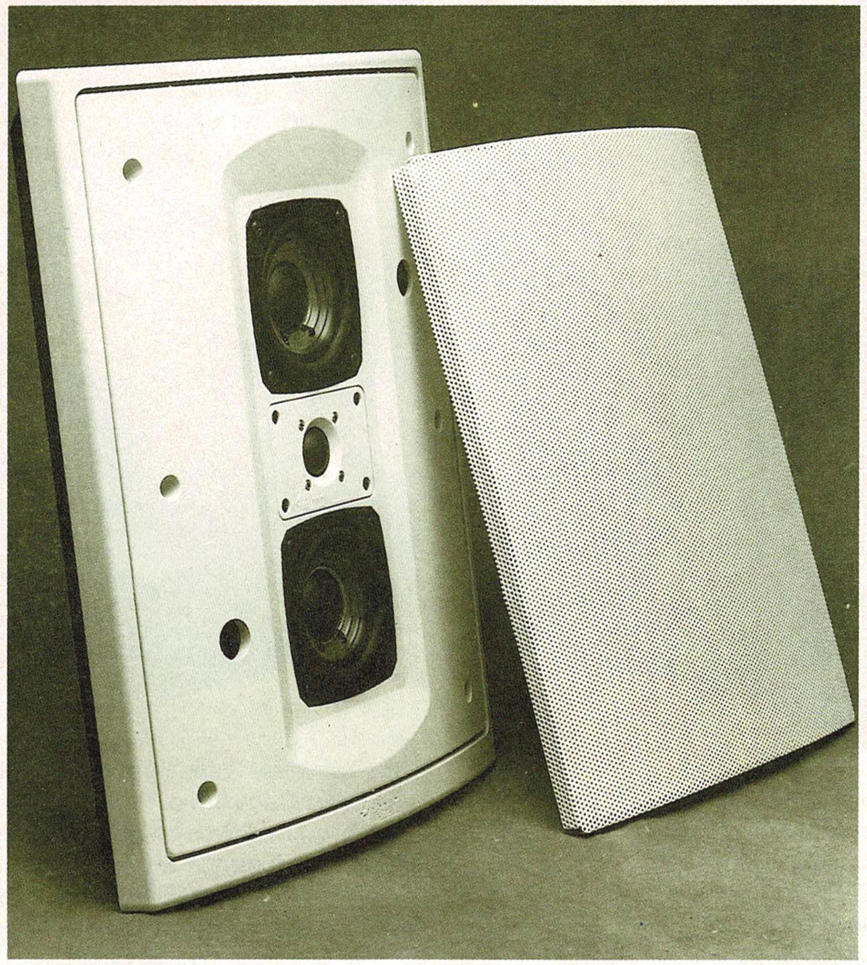
From Suzuki, Isabel receives a fabulous AE 50 Scooter. The fashionable scooter's fresh clean-cut styling brings a new sense of elegance to everyday commuting. The new two-stroke forced-air-cooled engine and V-belt transmission ensures lively acceleration and a sense of fun which turns a simple journey into an entertaining ride. Priced at $2000, the AE 50 will provide Isabel with reliable, enjoyable transport for many years to come.

From Marantz comes the finest in high-fidelity sound and vision. This year our Pet Of The Year wins a fantastic package systems combination of a SR-82 AV Surround Stereo Receiver and a CDV 400 multi-laser disc player from Marantz. The SR 82 supplies the listener with surround-sound that will take Isabel to new heights of listening pleasure; while the multi-disc CDV 400 laser disc represents state of the art laser disc technology. The package, valued at over $1,300, should keep Isabel thoroughly entertained.

marantz
MULTI LASER DISC PLAYER CDV400
LASER DISC
marantz
AUDIO/VIDEO SURROUND STEREO RECEIVER SR-82

Photo by Geoff Howden

At Walindi Plantation nestled on the exotic island of New Britain, Isabel and a friend will enjoy one long luxurious week swimming with dolphins and pilot whales diving off the famed coral reefs of Kimbe Bay. Enjoying the hospitality of hosts Max and Cecile Benjamin, Isabel will feel instantly at home in Walindi's unique location with its friendly atmosphere and native-style bungalows. Walindi Plantation draws adventure travellers from all over the world and with airfares, diving instruction and all meals included, Isabel's paradise getaway is valued at $6700 from Walindi Plantation and Sea New Guinea.

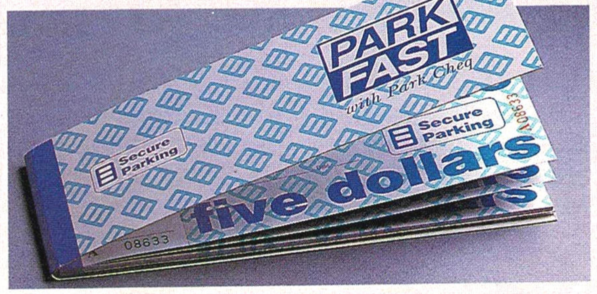


To compliment the Marantz audio-visual package that Isabel will acquire as Pet Of The Year, she will also receive a set of Sonance speakers that will enhance the superb quality of her surround-sound hi-fi system. Sonance, the originator of in-wall high-fidelity speakers has just introduced the Soundframe 400 speakers which Isabel will be able to link with the front, rear and centre channels of her hi-fi. These extraordinary and innovative speaker systems are valued at $2,500 and are mounted directly on the wall creating a visual "floating" effect.

As Pet Of The Year, Isabel will receive a complete wardrobe of evening wear worth $2000 from the Harts chain of fashion stores. Harts have 13 stores along the eastern seaboard of Australia and specialise in stylish, quality fashion that ranges from the slinkiest of cocktail dresses to the most sophisticated, classic and elegant of gowns.

As newly crowned Pet Of The Year, Isabel receives a magnificent collection of wines from one of Australia's leading wine companies, McWilliam's Mount Pleasant in the beautiful Hunter Valley of New South Wales. Isabel will be able to enjoy five cases of different wines including Champagne, Chardonnay, Semillon, Cabernet Cauvignon and Hermitage valued in excess of $1000.

MOUNT PLEASANT
ELIZABETH
1986
MOUNT PLEASANT
PHILIP
1987
MOUNT PLEASANT
CHARDONNAY
MOUNT PLEASANT
Champagne
BRUT
Charles King
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
1991
MOUNT PLEASANT
Charles King
CHARDONNAY
1991
MOUNT PLEASANT


PARK FAST
Secure Parking
five dollars

To keep her new car safe, Isabel receives $700 worth of parking vouchers from Secure Parking. With 65 carparks Australia-wide (15 in Sydney's centre), Secure Parking provides the total solution for Isabel's parking needs. Not only does Secure Parking gives Isabel the convenience of inner-city parking, but she can also rest easy that her car is safe from the elements.

From Akubra comes a fair dinkum prize for Isabel: a genuine Akubra hat. Akubra hats have been covering Australians for many decades, and in fact the Akubra brand is proudly celebrating its 80th year. Besides Isabel, Akubra hats adorn the heads of royalty, presidents, film stars and sporting personalities. Valued at $80, the Akubra is a pleasure to wear, a pleasure to own and the best protection under the harsh Aussie sun.

PRAIRIE BREAKER
EXPERT

As winner this year's Pet Of The Year, Isabel receives a Shogun Prairie Breaker Expert, valued at $1195. Shogun is recognised as the unparalleled leader and innovator in all-terrain bicycle design. From the Prairie Breaker Series to the capable and rugged Trail Breaker, Shogun's designers' dedication to the pleasure and performance of the rider becomes immediately evident. Incorporated in this design is the fully integrated anatomic component specification system which will allow Isabel's Prairie Breaker to fit her perfectly.

To shield her eyes from the sun, Isabel receives two pairs of Bolle sunglasses from the Spirit collection worth over $400. The collection features stylish and fashionable designs hand-crafted from premium quality zyl acetate and finished to optical standard perfection. The Bolle lens is virtually shatterproof and provides 100 percent UV protection. Bolle's frames are lightweight for comfort, are virtually indestructible and all come with a protective carry pouch. Aside from the sunglasses, Isabel will also recieve from Bolle an exclusive tote bag, baseball cap and T-shirt.

It's obvious from her prize-winning photographs that Isabel enjoys a special relationship with the camera. This will no doubt continue when she receives a Canon Prima Zoom Mini valued at $439 as part of her Pet Of The Year prize package. The camera features a 2x power zoom with focal length range from 38 to 76mm. Other features include artificial intelligence auto-focussing, red-eye reduction function and a built-in flash for daylight and low light. All this is packaged in a sleek, stylish body that is durable, rugged and compact.

Canon
PRIMA
ZOOM MINI
CANON ZOOM LENS 38-76mm 1:3.8-7.2
MACRO 0.45m/1.5ft
AiAF

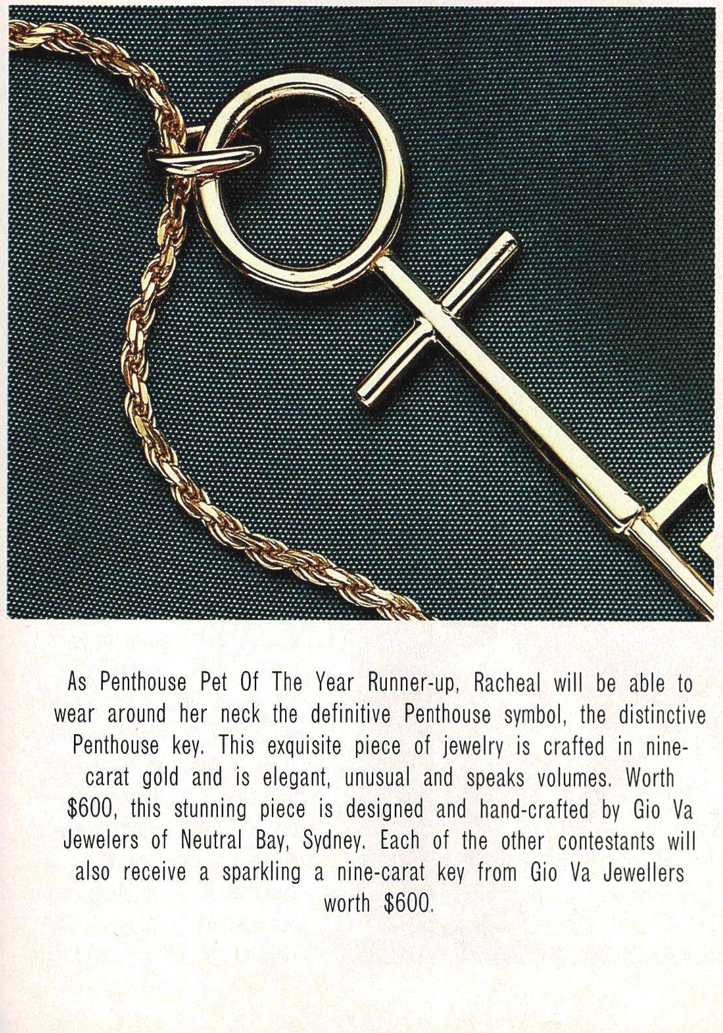
PET
OF THE
YEAR
1993

RUNNER UP

Miss Racheal Ellison our 1993 Runner-up brought more than a Christmas cheer to our readers when she appeared as Pet Of The Month in Australian Penthouse in the December 1992 issue. She originally hails from Geelong, Victoria and has spent five of her 22 years as a catwalk model. Racheal, a classically trained dancer, plans to follow a career in medicine specialising in paediatrics. Racheal's dusky beauty ensured that she attracted strong support in the Pet Of The Year competition and is most definitely deserving of the prestigious Runner-up award worth more than $5000 in prizes.

Photo by Bruce Coulter

As Runner-up Racheal and a friend will spend a week indulging in the absolute luxury of the Aanuka Resort Coffs Harbour. Nestled between the Great Dividing Range and sitting right on the crystal blue water of the Pacific, the island-like atmosphere is reminiscent of exotic Pacific climes. The peaceful seclusion of a luxury garden suite with a private spa and sun deck will guarantee Racheal a memorable seven days and nights. With meals and accommodation included, the total value of the prize is in excess of $2300.



As Penthouse Pet Of The Year Runner-up, Racheal will be able to wear around her neck the definitive Penthouse symbol, the distinctive Penthouse key. This exquisite piece of jewelry is crafted in nine-carat gold and is elegant, unusual and speaks volumes. Worth $600, this stunning piece is designed and hand-crafted by Gio Va Jewelers of Neutral Bay, Sydney. Each of the other contestants will also receive a sparkling a nine-carat key from Gio Va Jewellers worth $600.

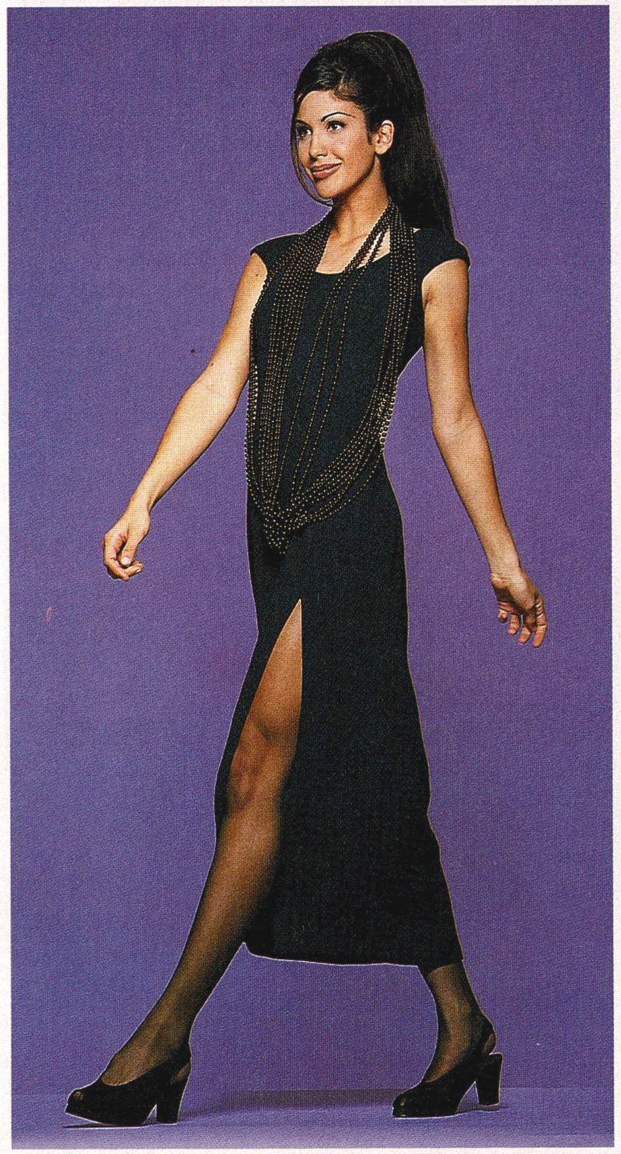
Racheal will be able to work her magic on the other side of the camera when she receives a Canon Prima Zoom Mini valued at $439 as part of her Pet Of The Year Runner-up prize package. The camera features a 2x power zoom with focal length range from 38 to 76mm. Other features include artificial intelligence auto-focussing, red-eye reduction function and a built-in flash for daylight and low light. All this is packaged in a sleek, stylish body that is durable, rugged and compact.

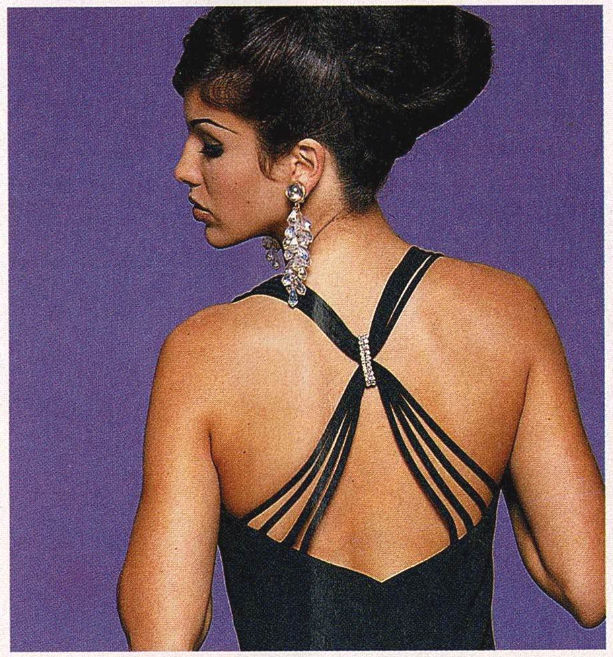
Canon
PRIMA
ZOOM MINI
AiAF

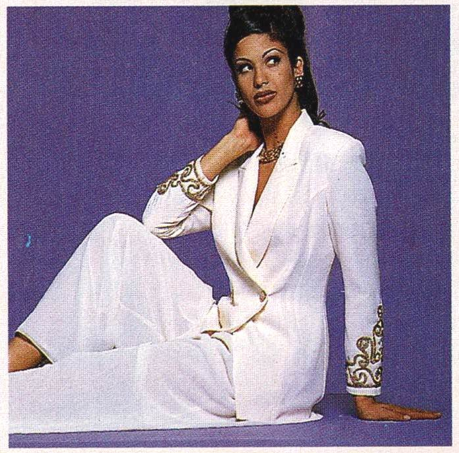
PET OF THE YEAR 1993

RUNNER UP

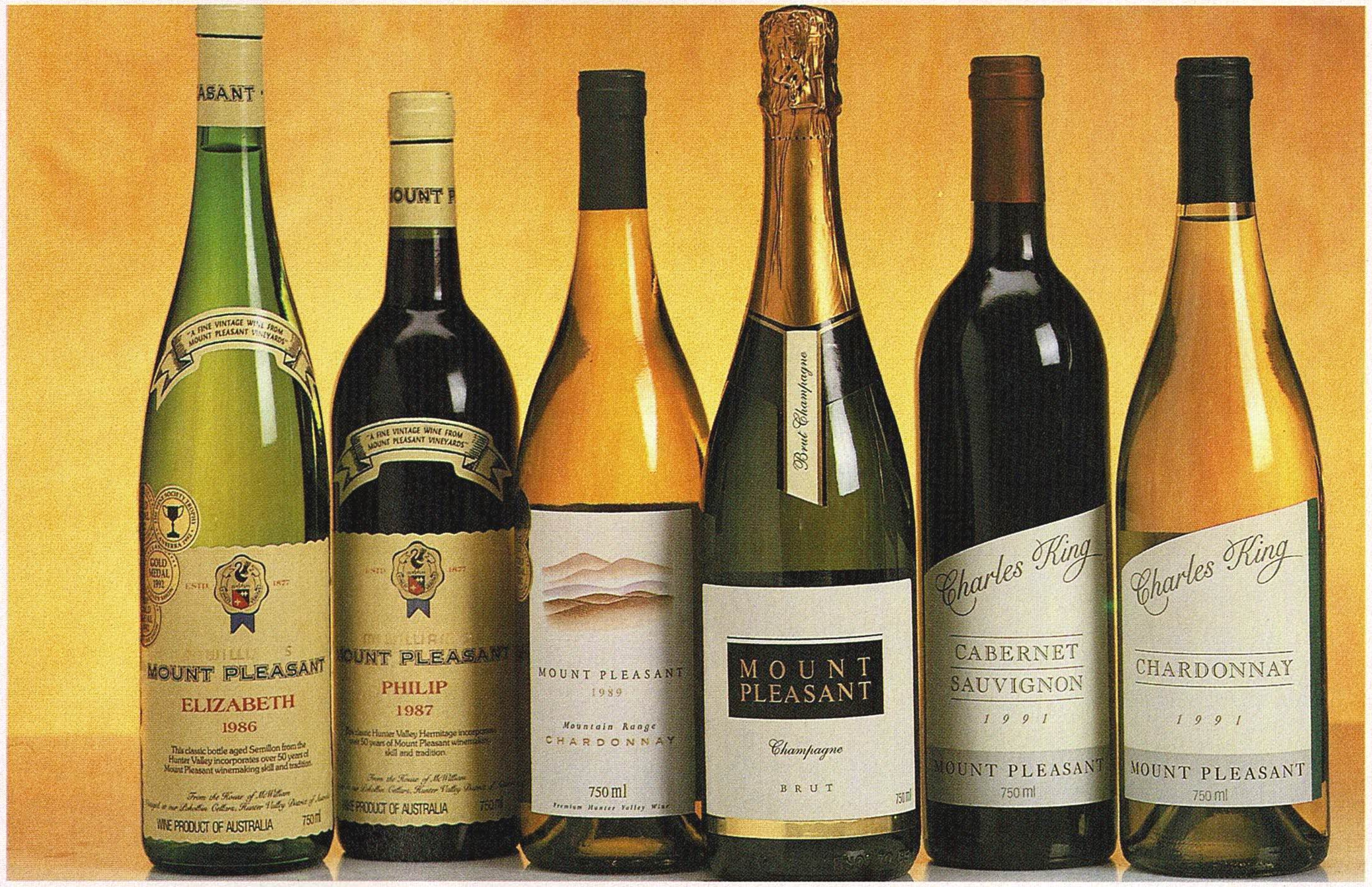
Racheal will receive two pairs of Bolle sunglasses from the Originals range which features a wide variety of styles. These fashionable sunglasses offer 100 percent UV protection and are specifically designed for high glare conditions. The Bolle lenses, which are made of polycarbonate are virtually shatterproof and have 20 times the impact resistance of glass and the stylish, contemporary frames are made of French nylon which ensures lightweight comfort and are virtually unbreakable. Each pair of Bolle Originals also comes with its own carry pouch.







Racheal, our Pet Of The Year Runner-up, will be clothed in high-fashion at her public appearances courtesy of Harts fashion stores which will provide her with a striking, stylish fashion wardrobe worth $500. At their 13 stores in both New South Wales and the ACT, Harts fashion stock a breathtaking range of formal wear and evening wear that is chic, daring and elegant.


MOUNT PLEASANT
ELIZABETH
1986
MOUNT PLEASANT
PHILIP
1987
MOUNT PLEASANT
1989
CHARDONNAY
MOUNT PLEASANT
Champagne
BRUT
Charles King
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
1991
MOUNT PLEASANT
Charles King
CHARDONNAY
1991
MOUNT PLEASANT

Racheal will be able to savour the pleasure of $800 worth of Australia's finest wines courtesy of one of Australia's leading wine companies, McWilliam's Mount Pleasant. Not only will she enjoy five cases of McWilliam's finest produce including Champagne, Chardonnay, Semillon and Cabernet Sauvignon but she will also get to indulge in the award-winning 1986 Mount Pleasant Elisabeth which has carried off seven gold medals and a trophy in the space of a single year.

As Runner-up in the Pet Of The Year competition, Racheal picks up $300 worth of parking courtesy of Secure Parking which operate 65 carparks throughout the country (15 in the central Sydney area alone). Secure Parking's commitment to service and quality has seen them become one of Australia's largest parking networks. Dorothy will always be able to find a car spot within easy reach of the major attractions of any city she's in and can leave he vehicle knowing it is safe and secure.

PARK FAST
with Park Cheq
Secure Parking
five dollars

No true blue Australian woman's wardrobe would be complete without a stylish Akubra hat and Racheal will be donning one of the high-quality "Down Under" models as part of her Runner-up prize package. Akubra have been shielding Australians from the sun with stylish and practical hats for 80 years. Akubra is the hat of choice for everyone from film stars to royalty to stockmen and it's their unwavering quality and smoothness of finish that sets Akubra apart from its competitors. Valued at $80, the sand colour Akubra will provide Racheal with both protection from the sun and a classic fashion accessory.

on cue

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
JOSEPH ALLBEURY

For Sam, it's business as usual at the Highwayman

It's pushing seven when we arrive at the Highwayman Hotel in Hornsby after ambling along the Pacific Highway for 40 minutes in the last of the peak hour traffic. The front bar of the Highwayman is one of the largest in Sydney and typical.

On the street outside, two trendy women in short dresses walk past, legs everywhere and looking like they're ready for a big night out. But it's Tuesday and they're out of place amongst the normal street trade.

NIGHTLIFE

pub pool

on cue

Inside, the stale smell of beer permeates the air and mixes with the smoke of cigarettes and dingy pub lighting to produce an eye-watering cocktail.

The bar stretches almost the length of the back wall with a dozen beer taps catering for the main request. Tables and plastic chairs litter most of the floor and up the far end are four pool tables. Besides a few regulars topping up at the bar and filling the odd chair, all the attention is focused on the green slabs.

The barman gruffly points out the guy dressed in black with a mop of hair and beard to match. "That's Sam over there."

We met Sam on the phone a week before and he invited us out to watch his pool comp. The same comp he gets paid to run by the pub, plays in himself and inevitably wins. But the punters keep trying all the same.

We're greeted with a "Gidday mate." Twenty-eight-year-old Sam, is Sydney born of Italian descent and he has the mandatory gold chain and hairy chest to prove it. He's a carpenter by trade but "there's no fucking money in it at the moment!" So he works at a fruit shop by day and plays stick ball at night.

He's been playing since he was eight-years-old and as he put it: "I used to run away from school to play snooker when I was a kid. By the time I was 16, I was runner-up in the under 16 open snooker titles."

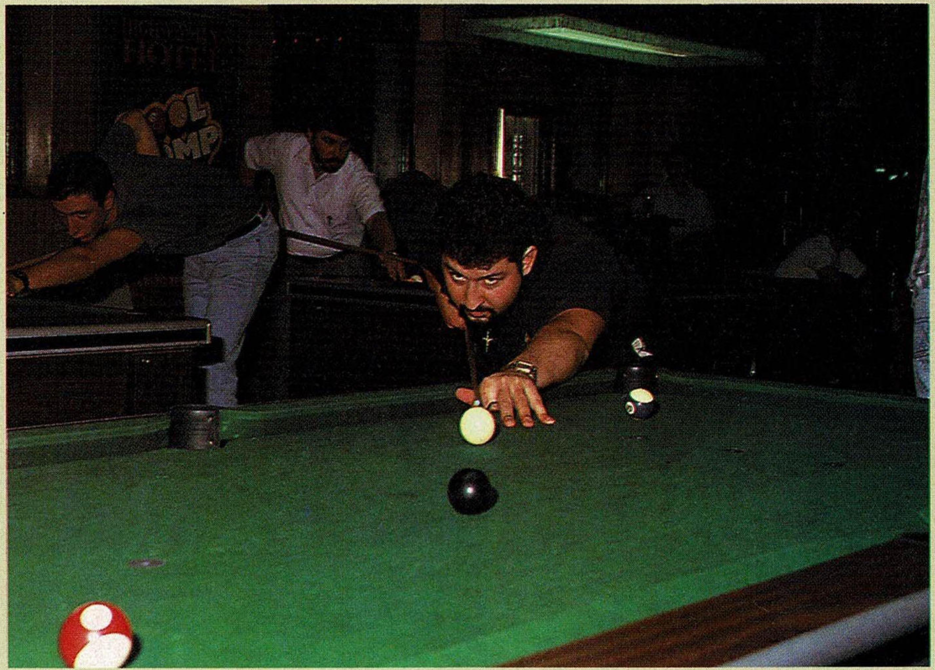
Then things changed and he gave it all up to start his trade. "I got married when I was 19. It was the biggest mistake of my life. We moved to Queensland and up there they don't have pokies or card machines, so all they do is play pool.

"My brother dragged me into a comp and after snooker, pool was easy. I just kept on playing, made the State team, got divorced, moved back to Sydney and made the New South Wales State team as well."

Sam grew up around Hornsby and that's where he ended up again on the rebound. The Highwayman Hotel became his local and somewhere along the way he picked up the nickname "Animal". But apparently it's nothing to do with pool and no-one present could elaborate.

"I used to play in their $100 pool comp on a Thursday night, then the new publican came on the scene so we had words. I took over running the comps on Thursdays and we bumped the prize up to $200 and started one on Tuesdays for $300 as well. Since then, we've run the richest pub pool comp in Australia with a prize of five grand last March and we still run the occasional $1000 comps for locals only."

As the clock ticks towards the kick-off time of eight o'clock, the crowd is continuing to gather. They're a real mixture; young, old, bikers and even a couple of suits — all here for the same reason. The usually coin-fed tables are now open and the punters are taking advantage of the free pool before the comp starts.



Sam limbers up with girlfriend Kimberly. "She can't play for shit," Sam confides but she enjoys the game all the same. I take a turn next and likewise go down in a screaming heap.

Anyone can play the shots, but the trick is to follow through and leave yourself on for the next ball. You watch the masters play and it all becomes a lot clearer; position is everything. You've got to be able to play the shots and know the angles to start with, but once you've potted a ball, there's the next one to think about and the next.

With guys like Sam, you do them a favour if you break and then they'll clear the table before you have a chance to blink. Blink twice and the balls are racked again as if nothing ever happened. Sam's good all right — hot in fact. The modern version of The Hustler.

There's still money to be made on betting under the table these days but there's just as much out there on the pub circuit to clean up on legitimately — if you're good enough. For Sam, it's just a fact of life. If you've got the talent then use it.

Monday nights sees a trip to the Vauxhall at Parramatta for the $200 comp or the Pymble Hotel for $150. Tuesdays and Thursdays are spent at the Highwayman and on Wednesday and Friday, it's the Beachcomber at Toukley.

"I live on the Central Coast and the Wednesday comp at Toukley is worth $200. On Fridays they have another one worth $500. They run an average of eight comps a month there, four Wednesdays and four Fridays and if I don't take out five or six I'm surprised.

The hustler's Bible is a little black book put out by Larry Green that sells for five bucks. Inside more than 350 pub comps a week are listed, 50 or 60 a day and night, so you can take your pick. There are comps at lunch time, evenings and late night so more than one a day is possible. Some are for locals only, most take all comers but some ban guys like Sam just to keep the crowd interested. A good player can pick their competition, move around and clean-up. There's plenty of talent doing the rounds but there are also plenty of rounds to do.

Says Sam: "I used to play seven nights a week before I started going out with Kimberly but now I've gotta put some time into the relationship, so I give weekends a miss. It's a good sport and there's money in it if you're good enough."

Someone else's turn comes up on the table so Sam grabs his clipboard to get the entries rolling. The prize money tonight is 300 bucks, split 200, 60, 20 and 20 over the first four places. Entry is three bucks and Sam reckons there'll be 35 to 40 starters.

Over at the far wall, two cuties sit at a table covered in half-full glasses. One's chugging on a beer, the other's drawing back on a fag like there's no tomorrow and still managing to rabbit on at well over the speed limit.

We approach for a photo and I'm trying to think of a subtle way of getting a woman in her fifties out of the pic. We pop the question to the girls but get knocked back. Shit! Next minute the old bag's in my face, wanting to know why I want a photo of her daughter for *Penthouse*. She's starting to get a bit agro and wants my phone number.

By now Sam's buzzing around like a blowfly, taking names and money. He sidles over, "Yeah, I put your name down already, no charge, she'll be right." He's off again.

I catch the eye of one of the other locals and get the dope on Sam from Howie. "They get the shits with him winning all the time," sighs Howie, "but he's a local and all the locals are pretty good. He doesn't win 100 percent, probably only eight times out of ten. It's all legit so what can they say. He beats 'em fair and square."

No-one takes Sam lightly here, he's a red hot shot and people respect him for that. He's been doing the rounds for a long time, playing six or seven days a week, sometimes two or three times a day. In the recession, any bucks on the side is a good earn. They can win a couple of hundred a game and that's half a week's wage. But it's hard work, there's just so much talent around.

It's past eight, the free balls are still flying and Sam's drawing numbers from the bag to find out who's playing who. He reassures me, "Don't worry mate, you're playing a sheila, no sweat."

The lower end of the bar is now just about full: council workers with schooners in hand, suits with fancy cues in cases, young guys in jeans and T-shirts with the girlfriend in tow for a social night out. The races are here too, skin tones range from Tongan to pasty white and accents run thick and fast. But everything is harmonious tonight.

On Thursdays, the trade is rougher. "Thursday nights it's an animal house, everyone's blind," tells Sam. "I come here feeling good and go home with a splitting headache wanting to kill every cunt. There's been a few punch ups as well, it's pay day for most people so the place packs out. It's so bad I don't even let Kimberly come."

But tonight things are different, the stakes are higher and the players better. Anybody that isn't playing pool is downing a beer, belting it out on a pinball machine or running tickets through the PUB TAB.

Gambling in other forms is also big with pool players, winning money for no work is good in anybody's books but pool and pubs attract the cream of the eye-for-the-main-chance punters. Off the side of the bar is a room full of pokies

NIGHTLIFE

pub pool

on cue

and sheets of starters for the next dog race. The chatter of the 2KY race callers is in the background and on a wall-mounted TV, Sky Channel beams a silent picture that attracts brief attention from most who pass.

Money's shoved into the card machines, the TAB and over the bar. Ultimately the night will cost most people but a win in the pool comp could see a profit. And that's all Sam's interested in. Doesn't drink much, smoke or gamble on anything he knows he can't win. As the saying goes, if you're on a good thing, put money on it.

The balls are finally racked and coins tossed to get the comp under way. I let the so-called "sheila" go first. The boyfriend sits quietly and watches his woman get on top. It takes a little while, but gradually I am making the shots. Too late! The game ends. I'm history.

That puts me on the sidelines after round one and there are a few others who seem disappointed with their results. Some leave with bags in hand and tails between their legs, a few hurl obscenities at other players, the table and the cues. Most just sit down and go back to drinking.

Kimberly wanders over and I catch her eye. She only started playing pool a few months ago but is enthusiastic. "I haven't been playing long but when the balls are going in, I like it. I go in all the comps and most of them have a prize for the woman who goes the furthest."

She enjoys watching Sam play, he's good at it she says, and she likes to see him win. After a busy comp night Sam hands Kimberly the keys to his chariot (a V8 Commodore) and Kimberly curls up in the passenger seat for a nap. "He loves his car," Kimberly admits, "he'll race anyone. He even raced the coppers one night 'cause he didn't know it was them until too late. He's a king everywhere he goes, even on the road."

Sam jaunts back over with his clipboard. "Look at this prick, I gotta play him and he's gone for a smoke. Soon as his number comes up, if he's not here, he forfeits, simple. I don't fuck around, they know the rules."

He's off again, shouting, "rack 'em up" and making sure things are flowing. The minutes tick by and Sam's back shaking his head. "There you go, he's still not here. Stuff him. I'll forfeit the cunt, good way to win my first match." As if he needs any help.

When Sam finally gets around to cracking the balls for the first time, it becomes apparent that he doesn't like to break. The balls go everywhere except in the holes and he admits that if he wins the coin toss, he lets his opponent do the honours. But Sam is a stroke player, arse and class all in one. Next!

Then Sam watches Big Dave polish off his opponent and tells us to keep an eye on him. "Dave over there. Never seen anyone spit the dummy as much as he does when he loses — he loves the game but just hates losing. Yeah, rack em up Dave," he shouts and back to business.

Another punter looks set to win his round, pots the black but then the cue ball sails casually across the table and drops into the centre pocket. House rules; any foul on the black and you lose. His cue hits the felt and "fuck" follows a conglomeration of other obscenities as he points out his misfortune to all who will listen. He shakes hands with the victor and turns for another beer.

More and more players are biting the dust and the crowd is thinning by 10 o'clock. Sam's still hanging in there with a clear run so far, apart from almost falling foul to another woman.

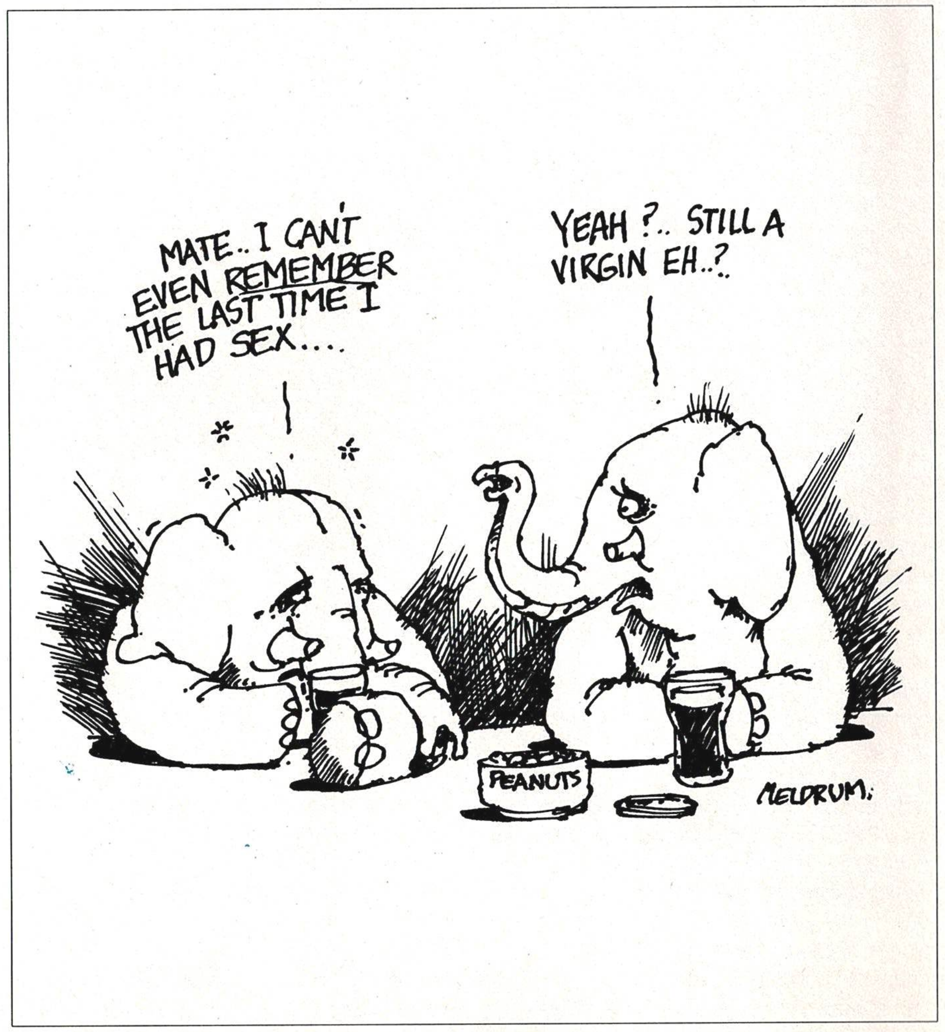
Howie gives me the dope on Sam's own history but swears the pool shark hasn't looked at another woman since he moved in with Kim: "You just can't trust it these days, with AIDS floating around. Sam's been known to be a bit of a ladies man and I've seen him on the toe. But it's not the sort of game where you have groupies running around like you do with rock stars."

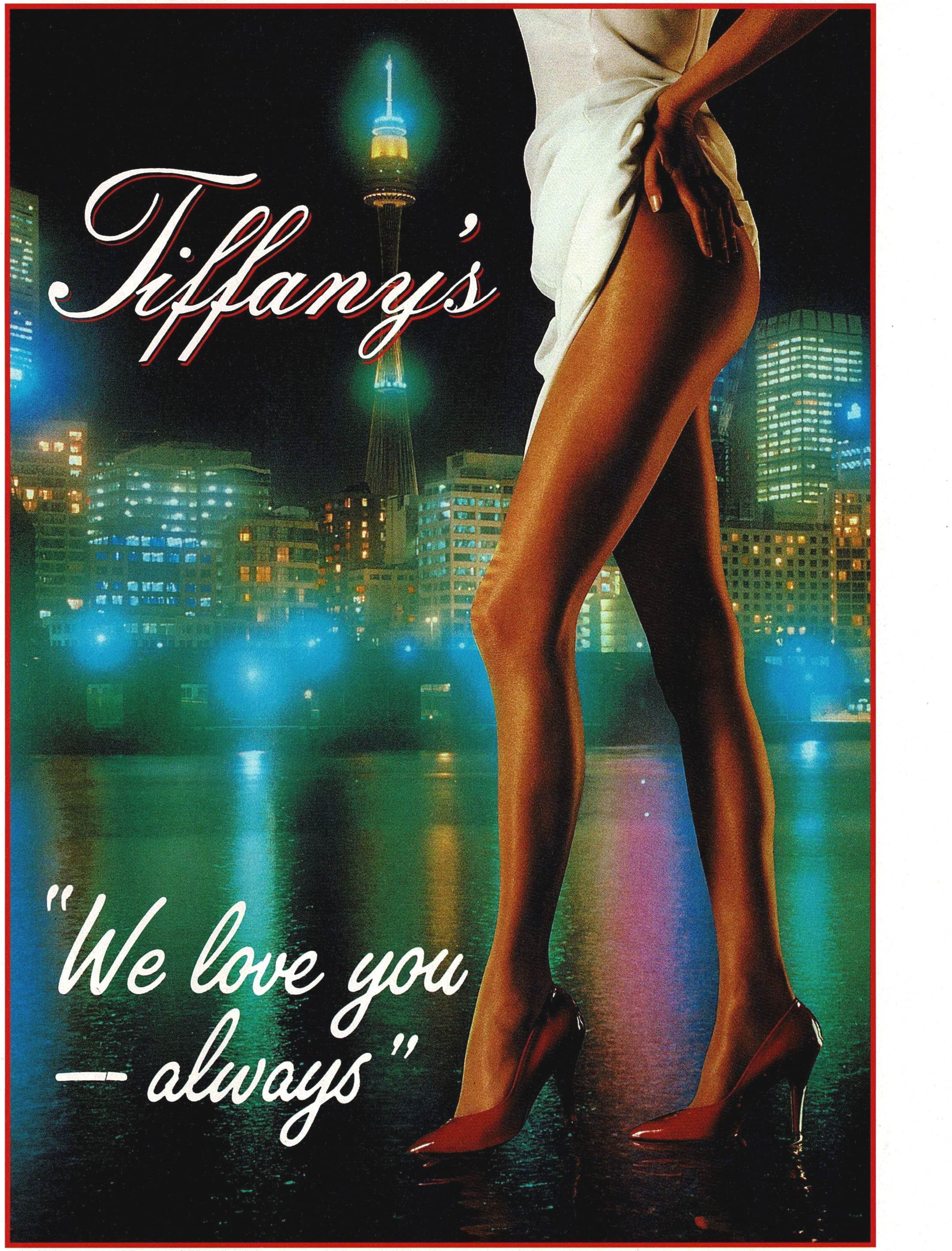
And he's right. The women here are with their men mostly and some of them don't play too badly.

By night's end, it's down to two players and no prizes for guessing who one of them is. Sam and a suit named Leia crack the balls in a best-of-five for the money. Both are running hot after sweeping the field, but Leia misses a shot and Sam clears the table, one-nil. Then Leia evens it out but that's where his luck ends.

Sam can't put a foot wrong and the eight ball drops into the corner pocket for the last time.

The money's his again — no competition.


MATE.. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I HAD SEX....
YEAH ?.. STILL A VIRGIN EH..?
PEANUTS
MELDRUM.



NIGHT & DAY
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Patanela

Continued from page 38

November 8. None of these vessels, or any other ship, entered Sydney Harbour or Botany Bay between the time of Jones' last message and 6am.

Although the Royal Australian Navy was conducting exercises somewhere to the east of Botany Bay on that night, no naval vessels were in *Patanela*'s critical area at the critical time. Even so, the Filor Report clearly states: "The most likely explanation for the disappearance of the *Patanela* is that it was run down by a larger vessel, either commercial or naval."

Commodore Tim Cox of the Royal Australian Navy was suprised to hear of Filor's conclusion.

"We don't run down ships like that — it is most improbable. The largest vessel we have is a 20,000 tonne tanker — most are 4,000 tonne destroyers, and if one of them ran into a boat the size of *Patanela*, everyone on board would know about it.

"I don't believe it likely even a large container ship would hit a steel schooner without feeling the impact."

Patanela's final known voyage across the underbelly of Australia and north along the coast towards Sydney was itself a journey of strange events. Her first two ports of call, Albany and Esperance were uneventful, but at Port Lincoln the first of many inconsistencies appear in the story. For a start, owner Alan Nicol told Federal police the yacht pulled in to harbour on the night of October 27. The Filor Report calculated, however, that the vessel arrived the following night.

Nicol and Ronalee Dean left the schooner at Port Lincoln — Nicol unexpectedly, due to business reasons back in Perth. This was to be the last time Nicol would see *Patanela*.

Nicol later said he was convinced a plot to steal his yacht was hatched after he suddenly left the boat. He strongly suspected his old friend Ken Jones was behind the plan.

"Either Ken Jones or the boys could have masterminded the plot and persuaded the others to become part of it. After Port Lincoln and Portland there is a lot of ocean — and then South America. They had plenty of time to plan a fake radio message, supposedly off Sydney."

Nicol questioned why all four of the remaining crew members had their passports with them, on what was to be a holiday cruise in Australian waters.

As with its arrival, *Patanela*'s departure date from Port Lincoln remains confused. The Filor Report has assumed the vessel left in the "forenoon" of Saturday, October 29, but Wayne Murphy, Commodore of the local yacht club, said the steel schooner sailed out of the bay at 2pm on Sunday, October 30.

SO HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THE MOBILE?

Patanela's movements in and out of her last known port of call, Portland, Victoria, are even more confusing than those at Port Lincoln.

On November 1, Alan Nicol received a telephone call in Perth from Jones, who asked for $500 to purchase fuel in Portland. It was a strange request, as Jones had refused a fuel top-up in Port Lincoln. Nicol found the request "a little surprising" especially as he believed *Patanela* could make the trip from Fremantle to Airlie Beach without refuelling.

While on the phone, Nicol offered to send Jones two extra crewmen for the remainder of the voyage. Jones knocked back the offer, insisting that he, his wife and "the boys" could handle *Patanela* without any trouble. Although Nicol couldn't quite shake a feeling of unease, he decided not to push the issue.

On Thursday, November 3, at 3.45pm, Ken Jones walked into the Portland branch of the Commonwealth Bank and identified himself to assistant accountant Maree Veronica Stanford, asking if the $500 had arrived from Perth. Incredibly, he told Stanford the money was from his daughter and was needed to buy stores for a yacht he was sailing out of Portland that night.

Patanela's visit to Portland is shrouded in conflicting evidence, confusion and mystery. Even though Nicol claims Jones phoned him on November 1, Portland Port Authority slipway attendant, Ken Whistler signed a police statement claiming *Patanela*'s arrival date was actually November 2.

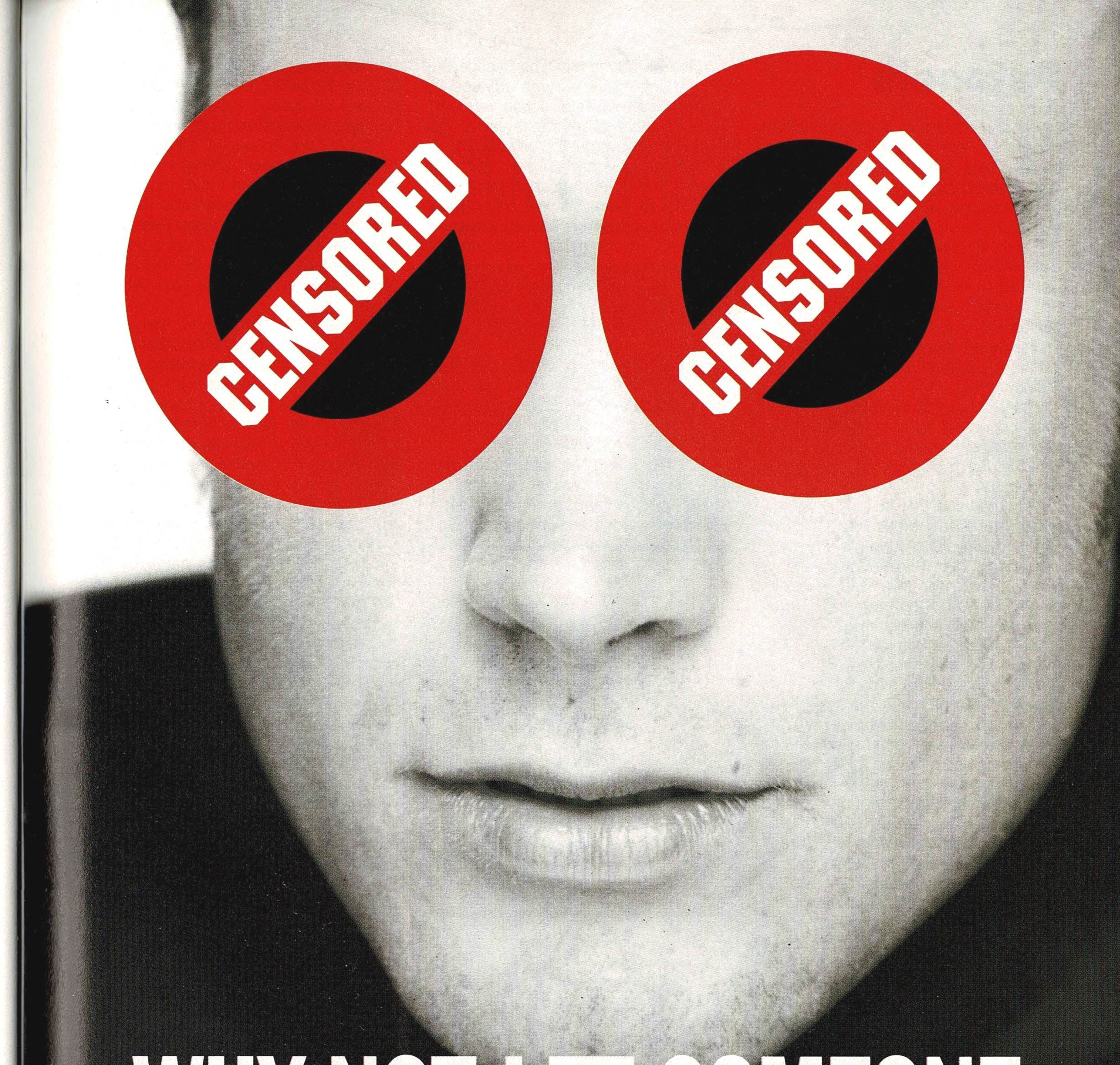
Inquiries by police and private investigator Terry Hebb, working for Club Marine, *Patanela*'s insurers, failed to find any evidence that Ken Jones purchased fuel in Portland.

Patanela's departure date from Portland is unknown. Not even the final police report would hazard a punt with any confidence, declaring: "a degree of confusion" existed over her departure.

The Filor Report, while noting that there was "an inconsistency over the date of departure", calculated that a radio call to Melbourne OTC coastal radio at 5.37pm on Friday 4, purporting to be from *Patanela*, "would indicate that the vessel sailed late in the evening of November 3".

But Ted Meissner wasn't having a bar of that. The Portland yachtie maintains he saw *Patanela* pull away from the wharf at 11am on Saturday 5. Meissner phoned Federal police headquarters in Canberra just before the Coroner's inquiry was due to start in February 1992, offering his testimony to the court. His offer was not accepted.

While the police played down any sinister implications in *Patanela*'s confused



WHY NOT LET SOMEONE ELSE THINK FOR YOU ?

You don't have to leave Australia to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Australians are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read, see and hear. They are not the representatives of governments elected by Australian voters, but self-appointed censors trying to impose their point of view upon you.

These people want to make rules about what television programs you may watch, and what books and magazines you may read.

If these minority lobbyists succeed in their efforts to censor television programs, magazines and books, our lives will be a little less complicated. And a lot less free.

As an Australian, you have the freedom to think for yourself and say **NO** to censorship. Say it today — tomorrow may be too late. Freedom is everybody's business !

Patanela

arrival and departure times in Portland, Ken Jones' acceptance of $500 for fuel he never purchased, and his refusal to take on fresh crew, there is no shortage of others who view those events with suspicion.

Terry Hebb is one. The private investigator is firm in his belief that somewhere between Portland and Wilsons Promontory, Jones decided — or was persuaded — to steal *Patanela* and alter course for an unknown destination.

"It's too easy to say the boat sank off Sydney," Hebb said.

Peter Jones also believes that sinister events occurred either in Portland or just after *Patanela* departed — but his father was the victim of a crime rather than a perpetrator.

"My theory is that somebody got on board the boat, either before it left Portland, or just around the corner. It would only take two or three guys to blast up onto the boat with a Zodiac dinghy, climb up the back to the radio room with guns and just take control."

At 4.15pm on Saturday November 5, the day Ted Meissner claimed he saw *Patanela* leave Portland, Peter Calvin picked up the phone in his Taree home and heard Michael say "G'day Dad" before the line went dead. That was the last time he heard his son's voice.

The next day, at 4.09pm, Jones contacted Sydney Radio, giving a position off Bega on the south coast of New South Wales and *Patanela*'s ETA (estimated time of arrival) in Sydney as midnight on Monday, November 7.

Apart from Jones' final dramatic message in the early morning of November 8, *Patanela* would not be heard from again.

Patanela had been missing an astonishing 11 days before the alarm was raised.

During that time, Peter Jones had been trying to contact his father to sort out the family company's deteriorating financial affairs. At first he wasn't too concerned. He knew his father was trying to ignore the problems and didn't want to talk. But he kept trying. Business decisions had to be made and he needed help.

Finally he told Alan Nicol he was worried — *Patanela* had been out of contact far too long. With a growing feeling that something had gone terribly wrong, Jones notified Perth police.

Alan Nicol wasn't too worried. He was pretty sure Jones had decided to sail out wide and bypass Sydney, heading directly for Airlie Beach.

But when *Patanela* didn't turn up by November 18, when she was due at Airlie Beach, Nicol's confidence lost its peak.

On November 19, Canberra's Federal Sea Safety and Surveillance Centre — now known as the Maritime Rescue Coordination Centre — was advised by Perth police that Peter Jones was concerned for his father's safety and that *Patanela* was overdue at Airlie Beach.

The next day the families of Ken and Noreen Jones, and of crewmen Calvin and Blissett, were officially notified that *Patanela* and all on board had been declared missing at sea. Also advised were Federal police, the Civil Aviation Authority, coastwatch agencies, and, according to Maritime Rescue officials, "anyone else who could possibly give service."

But, in spite of mounting pressure from Nicol, Peter Jones and the Calvin and Blissett families, a full-scale search was never mounted for the missing schooner.

Bob McCulloch, director of the then Sea Safety Centre, stood his ground as the *Patanela* disappearance became public knowledge and a national furore erupted over his organisation's failure to initiate a search.

> A full-scale search was never mounted for the missing schooner

McCulloch defended the "no search" decision on the basis that he had not been notified of the schooner's disappearance until 11 days after the event. A rescue operation after such a space of time was considered "an impossible task that would require a minimum of 120 aircraft to search an estimated 200,000 square kilometres of coastland and ocean."

Federal police investigators agreed, saying it was " impractical" given the time lapse and no "identifiable datum point" to begin with.

But the parents of Michael Calvin and John Blissett were't impressed by the stubborn resistance to the search.

"They will send out planes looking for foreign fishermen lost at sea, but not for my son," Dawn Calvin told reporters. "I think it is appalling that four Australians can go missing off Sydney Heads and no-one will search for them. No-one seems to wants to help us at all."

On May 9, 1989, seven months after *Patanela* disappeared off Botany Bay, a barnacle-encrusted lifebuoy bearing the lettering PATANELA - FREMANTLE, was hauled on board a fishing boat off Terrigal, 50 kilometres north of Sydney.

One of the fishermen, Brian Foster, noticed "leatherneck" barnacles growing on both sides of the buoy, estimating from the size of the barnacles that the lifebuoy had been in the water from six to eight weeks. Foster was local born and had spent 30 years of his life as a fisherman. He knew what he was talking about.

Professor D.T. Anderson, then head of the University of Sydney's School of Biological Sciences, considered by his peers as one of Australia's leading marine biologists, later examined the lifebuoy for the Federal police. He found that the lifebuoy had been in the water "for a relatively short time, certainly no longer than a matter of three to four weeks, possibly less."

Professor Anderson, however, was not called to give evidence at the inquest. Evidence was given by Dr Patricia Hutchins, a marine ecologist at the Australian Museum in Sydney who said she believed marine growth found on the lifebuoy could have been "regrowth", which would make it possible for the buoy to have been in the water for seven months and yet be found with marine growth only weeks old attached to its surface.

The discovery of the lifebuoy, like the disappearance of the schooner itself, is a mystery. Official rhetoric, opinions and scientic conclusions have failed to establish how it came to be separated from the vessel and found seven months later.

In the four years since she disappeared, there have been 25 unconfirmed sightings of *Patanela* and numerous crank calls. Most "sightings" have been reported from along the Australian east coast, but others have been reported in south-east Asia and South America.

Federal police authorities gave little credence to the list of sightings, blaming many of them on media hysteria and the fact that some of them were reported to Alan Nicol before the witnesses could be interviewed by police. A $US10,000 reward posted by insurers Club Marine was also suspected to have attracted bogus sightings.

During proceedings at the Coroner's inquest, Detective Superintendent Ed Tyrie of the Federal police gave evidence that 22 sightings had been investigated "as best they could."

This, however, was not good enough for Alan Nicol, who estimated that he spent more than $50,000 following up alleged sightings.

As well as *Patanela* sightings, Ken Jones lookalikes have been reported in Thailand, Hawaii and Tasmania.

One sighting resulted in Nicol and Hebb chartering a search aircraft in Cairns and personally flying over sections

Tate Gallery

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

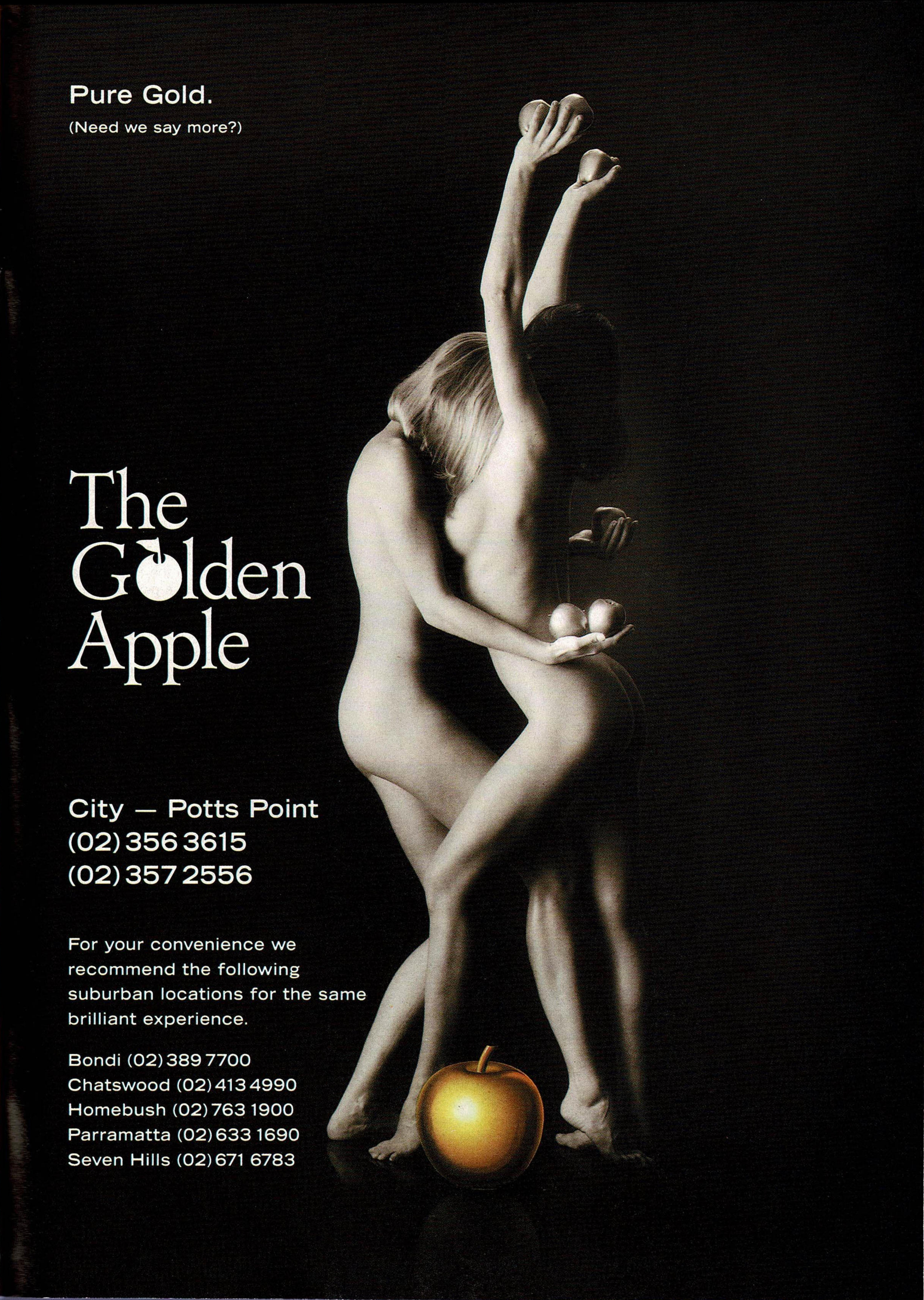
Jennifer Tate is an artist who is currently gathering material for her first exhibition. This 24-year-old Impressionist says that form and shape absolutely fascinate her, especially that of the human body.
"Everyone's frame of reference for all things relating to the shape of the human is their own body and if they can't be comfortable with and celebrate their own bodies then they put themselves at a major disadvantage."
Jennifer has spent a lot of time in Europe soaking up the culture and if pressed will tell you about a tryst she and a famous painter enjoyed one Parisienne afternoon.

"I had always been a fan of his work," smiles Jennifer, "so when we were introduced I was immediately taken with him. He asked me to pose for a picture and I was thrilled to be asked to be one of his subjects. Well there I was naked posing for his picture and one thing lead to another and we ended up making love amidst the oil paints and canvasses."

Jennifer says that she never exercises and that she eats ice cream, chocolates and desserts all the time.

"Luckily enough, I don't think my lifestyle has ruined my body."

Jennifer, you don't know how right you are.



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Patanela

of the North Queensland coast and Great Barrier Reef islands.

On March 2, 1989, caravan park owners Ted and Marie McCarthy reported sighting a "big, blue yacht" out in Rockingham Bay, near Tully Heads, 160kms south of Cairns.

McCarthy, a 47-year-old former detective sergeant, said the twin-masted vessel was heading towards Dunk Island, sailing "in a very strange way" — as if it had no purpose to its direction. Only the front and rear sails were aloft and they were flapping in a strong breeze. McCarthy tried to contact the yacht on his two-way radio, but static muffled the replies.

Then McCarthy asked if the boat was *Patanela*. At that instant the line cleared and the response came back clearly: "Negative, negative, negative."

All further attempts to communicate with the yacht failed. McCarthy returned to the beach and watched the schooner's slow progress across the bay.

McCarthy has since said that had he suspected the vessel was missing due to criminal activity and not "simply overdue" as he believed, he would certainly have investigated it.

Although many so-called sightings could be dismissed out of hand as obvious hoaxes, there are others that must be considered reasonable and open to deliberation. While there is no hard evidence to suggest *Patanela* has actually been sighted, no witnesses have come forward to her sinking either.

Allegations about Michael Calvin and John Blissett have raised questions as to a link between the boyhood friends from Taree and the fate of *Patanela*.

In November 1989, one year after *Patanela*'s disappearance, Cairns skipper John Shaw dropped a bombshell by informing Federal police that Calvin and Blissett had plotted to steal the charter vessel *Golden Plover* at Airlie Beach in 1987.

> Shaw remains firmly convinced Calvin and Blissett were behind the disapperance of Patanela

Shaw, then skipper of the brigantine, claimed the two planned to sail the vessel to South America. He said they were frequent drug and alcohol users — often going below decks to, "heat cannibis resin on knives and sniff the smoke." He also suspected they used LSD.

Calvin was a rigger with the set construction team during the making of the movie *Dead Calm* in June 1987. In the movie the *Golden Plover* was refitted to resemble a derelict ship for shooting around Hamilton Island. Calvin allegedly told the movie crew of his hijack plan.

Shaw said he explained to Calvin and Blissett that if they were involved in stealing the *Golden Plover*, they would never be able to return home to Australia without being found out.

"This prospect didn't seem to worry either of them and they stated on many occasions that they would love to spend their lives sailing around the world."

According to Shaw, another member of the *Golden Plover*'s crew, said he had contacts in South America where the vessel could be sold.

Shaw said the plot, that included dropping crew and passengers on an island before sailing away, was abandoned when it was discovered the *Golden Plover* needed a major overhaul to make her seaworthy.

But the Federal police were not impressed. Although the official investigation admitted Calvin and Blissett were "users of cannibis in the form of marijuana and resin" and a plot to steal the *Golden Plover* did take place, it was the result of "bravado uttered under the influence of drugs or alcohol by the boys and other members of the crew."

Shaw still insists the plot was "well-planned over a two-month period and wasn't just skylarking" and remains firmly convinced Calvin and Blissett were behind the disappearance of *Patanela*.

"There is no doubt in my mind what happened the night *Patanela* went missing — she headed east and then south-east. It's pure speculation from there.

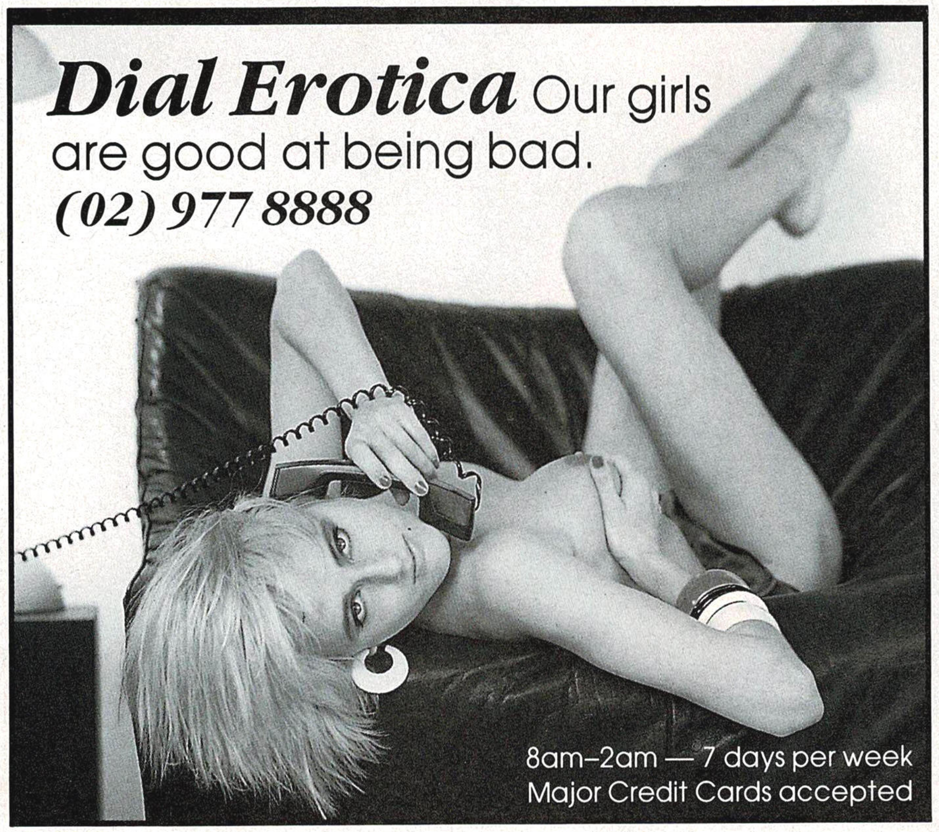
"The *Golden Plover* wasn't a suitable vessel for what was planned — unfortunately, *Patanela* was."

The *Patanela* story abounds with conspiracy theories. Theft by the crew, hijack by unknown persons, drug and gun-running operations, government and corporate business involvement — the list goes on.

But the conspiracy theories are no more incredible than the various sinking theories that explore the possibility that the steel schooner — considered to be virtually unsinkable by many mariners — was the victim of a phantom supership that somehow ran her down in the early morning of November 8, 1988.

Patanela hasn't been found and neither has her crew, but sailors have an old saying: "Ships have a habit of turning up." *Patanela*, the steel lady, may one day show her sails again.

Patanela Is Missing by Robert Reid & Paul Whittaker is published by Bantam Books, $18.95.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Protein Treatment

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

Michael had been Erin's hairdresser for a number of years and although nothing had ever happened between them, they both had strong fantasies about lovemaking between client and hairstylist.
On the night before her wedding, Erin had invited Michael over to give her a final treatment and setting before the big day.

Running his fingers through her long auburn hair, Michael knew that it was to be now or never. With great trepidation he made his move.

Erin responded with much more enthusiasm than he had anticipated and soon he was touching parts of her body that he had only dreamed about feeling.

She, in turn could not get enough of Michael and she longed to feel more than just his hands stimulating more than just her scalp.

Erin took the initiative and began kissing Michael all over. There was not an inch of him that she did not leave caressed, stimulated and thoroughly aroused. Her tongue travelled over his flesh and he responded by exploring her body in the most intimate, probing way.

Their discoveries lasted long into the night and the bride-to-be came away with a few new tricks to perform on the wedding night and her hair looked great.

Neddy Smith

Continued from page 52

remissions on his gaol term and immunity from further prosecution.

At the 1980 Woodward Royal Commission into drug trafficking in NSW, Teddy sang like a nightingale and became the first hood ever to spill the beans on organised crime.

Teddy Smith told the Commission that he had been inside Neddy's Sydenham fortress when he took delivery of a suitcase containing 30 one pound bags of pure heroin. Teddy claimed that Neddy started dancing around the room saying: "I'm rich. I'm rich."

Teddy further claimed that by using an ordinary domestic blender to remove the lumps, Neddy adulterated 13 ounces of pure No 4 Golden Dragon Pearl heroin with 3 ounces of Glucodin powder to make up one pound packets which he sold in sealed plastic bags.

Packaging the three ounce shares removed from each pound into one and two ounce packets, he sold them to friendly dealers without the knowledge of his partners.

Teddy alleged to the Commission that during mid-1978 he made three deliveries a day for Neddy of half-pound and one-pound packets of heroin to cars parked in Sydney's eastern suburbs. Driving past the assigned car at slow speed, he dropped the package into the vehicle's back window which was wound down a few inches. At the peak of the operation, Neddy employed 14 people and was moving up to 25 pounds of heroin a month.

And Neddy was rich. Very rich. His stable of cars included a BMW, Mercedes and a Porsche. Neddy owned the fortress at Sydenham, a half share in a $17,000 speedboat and extensive jewellery that included a $32,000 diamond ring.

According to Teddy Smith, Neddy had once told him that while there were millionaires in the world who had it in assets "he would be one of the only ones who had it in cash."

On the strength of his stepbrother's evidence Neddy was charged with conspiracy to supply heroin. On the second day of his trial in May 1980, the prime witness, Teddy, had a sudden change of heart and admitted to the court that he had deliberately given false evidence and that everything he had said about Neddy's involvment in the heroin trade was fabricated. Neddy was really a choir boy who was misunderstood. The prosecution spewed.

The Honourable Judge Alistair Muir instructed the jury that on the grounds of lack of evidence, Neddy must be acquitted.

But change of heart or not, the non-parole period of Edwin William Teddy Smith's ten year sentence for heroin possession was reduced considerably to run from his arrest on October 27, 1978, to August 26, 1982. When eventually released from prison, Teddy Smith left town.

Through the next seven years, Neddy's charmed existence continued, though he was rarely out of the public eye. Neddy became the highest profile gangster in the history of organised crime in this country.

And it seemed that if you had any respect for your health, it wasn't a good idea to hang out with Neddy. A lot of his "associates" kept dying: Danny "The Tub" Chubb: Heroin dealer. Publicly executed 1984. Francis Michael Salvietti: Heroin dealer. Executed 1985. Christopher Dale 'Mr Rent-A-Kill' Flannery. Mob hitman. Disappeared, presumed murdered 1985. Sallie Anne Huckstepp: Prostitute. Murdered 1986.

In December 1985, Neddy was on the front pages again. A NSW Police Tribunal was told that a member of the NSW Police Force, Detective Sergeant James William (Bill) Duff, of the Homicide Squad, was involved in a scheme to import heroin from New Guinea. According to a police tap on Duff's phone, Neddy was one of the operation's front men.

It was alleged at the hearing that Duff had confided in an associate over the phone: "Neddy is going to get rid of all the gear (heroin). I've invested $15,000 in this caper. If it comes off, we'll all be walking around with pocketfuls of money."

And in April 1985, the phone tap revealed another conversation with Duff and an associate:"Poor old Neddy is as jittery as buggery. He thinks that everyone is out to get him... Wait till Neddy gets hold of that Barry McCann. He is going to kill him and steal his gear." (Barry McCann's bullet riddled body was found outside a public latrine in a park in Sydney's Marrickville in 1987.)

Bill Duff was later dismissed from the NSW Police Force because of his alleged drug and underworld crime links. In dismissing Duff, the judge described Neddy Smith as "an active criminal and gunman and considered to be a major distributor of heroin and an organised crime figure."

On the morning of April 2, 1986, Neddy had left the Iron Duke Hotel in the inner Sydney working-class suburb of Waterloo and was walking to his car when a Holden sedan burst from behind a line of trees, mounted the footpath and ran into Neddy, slamming him against a wall. It is most likely that anyone else would have been killed. But not the tungsten-tough Neddy.

The badly battered gangster managed to drag himself back to the hotel where he was consoled by the proprietor, former police sergeant Bill Duff, until the ambulance arrived to take him to hospital. Diagnosed as having six broken ribs, a broken leg and suspected fractures of the spine, a heavily plastered and bandaged Neddy was interviewed by TV news crews and photographed by the press the following day, as he was eased into a car out the front of the hospital after defying the doctor's orders and discharging himself.

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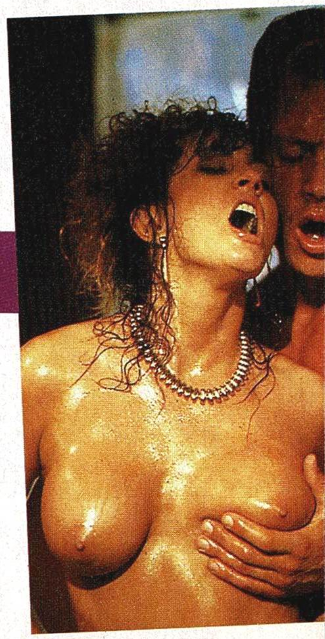

The next day, on crutches, Neddy arrived at Channel Nine by helicopter and appeared nationally on *Willesee* where he described himself as an "average knockabout bloke" whose reputation as an underworld figure and enforcer was a fabrication of the media and was totally undeserved.

Neddy told interviewer, Ray Martin, that he knew the driver of the car which ran him over. "This man is in close with the police," he said. "The police and certain crooks want me out of the way so they have teamed up. I have trod on quite a few toes."

Neddy said that he was an invalid pensioner who had suffered from Parkinson's disease for six years and he provided for his wife and family by the pension, gambling, borrowing from friends and sometimes stealing. He admitted that at one stage he had been a "debt collector and standover man" but had never had to "thump anyone." He maintained that he was broke and "didn't have two bob to rub together."

After more press than even the high-profile Neddy could take, he decided to move his wife Debra and their three young children to the NSW city of Newcastle.

The Smith's transport of a Rolls Royce or Mercedes Benz would change every couple of months and it was routine that a car would pick Neddy up on the Monday morning and return him on the Friday night to spend the weekend around the pool with Debra and the kids.

On April 26, 1986, 41-year-old Sydney pensioner, Terrence Edwin Ball, was charged with the attempted hit-and-run murder of Neddy Smith. At Ball's trial, Neddy failed to identify him as the man who tried to run him over and the charge was dismissed.

On October 30, 1987, Neddy Smith did something very uncharacteristic of a cunning old mobster who values his freedom. In a drunken frenzy, Neddy committed murder in a very public place and in front of about 70 witnesses.

It should never have happened. Over a minor traffic altercation, Neddy stabbed another motorist to death in busy Coogee Bay Road and fled. Only hours later he was picked up and charged with murder.

Amid howls of protest from the State Opposition, Neddy was granted bail of $50,000 on the murder charge on December 2, 1987, after being formally refused twice at earlier hearings. Bail was granted on the grounds that Neddy hadn't had a conviction in eight years, was the father of three children and was suffering from the advanced stages of Parkinson's disease.

On December 21, 1988, police spotted Neddy and a couple of men casing the Botany Municipal Chambers in South Sydney. The fact that the $160,000 Christmas payroll was due to arrive the next morning was no coincidence.

At dawn the following day, armed police took up positions in the council building, the nearby fire station and other locations. After the payroll vans arrived, Armed Hold-Up Squad detectives approached a white Holden panel van parked nearby and told its occupants to come out with their hands in the air.

Neddy Smith, Glen Roderick Flack, 32, and Richard John Harris, 27, emerged from the van wearing green sloppy-joes and white gloves. A search of the van revealed a loaded .357 magnum pistol, a sawn-off 12-gauge shotgun, two black balaclavas, a walkie-talkie and a carry bag.

There was no bail for Neddy this time. At his trial on September 9, 1989, he pleaded guilty to all of the charges relating to the bungled robbery attempt and was given 13 years in the slot. But that was only the half of it. He still had his murder trial to come.

At his trial on February 20, 1990, the court was told by Mr Mark Tedeschi, QC for the Crown, that on the day of the alleged murder Neddy had spent most of the day drinking with a friend and was on his way along Coogee Bay Road to the Coogee Sports Club at about 9pm that night.

"For some unknown reason, the Honda (owned by Smith's wife but driven by his friend) stopped in the line of traffic," Mr Tedeschi said. A tow truck could not pass and its driver, Mr Thomas Millane, flashed his lights a couple of times, the court was told.

The Crown alleged that Smith and his companion got out of their car and began fighting with Mr Millane and his passenger, 34-year-old Ronnie Flavell. Mr Millane heard Mr Flavell's call for help before seeing his friend lying on his back over the bonnet of a car parked nearby, the jury heard. Smith was standing over Mr Flavell and Mr Millane saw what he thought was Smith punching Flavell with his free hand. But as he pulled Smith away, Mr Millane noticed a bloodied knife in Smith's hand. The jury heard Smith threatened Mr Millane with the knife before jumping back into his car and driving away. Ronnie Flavell died on the operating table shortly after in the Prince of Wales Hospital at Randwick.

Neddy was found guilty of murder and on March 16, 1990. Justice McInerney sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Neddy started squealing to the ICAC in mid-1992. But it is debatable whether he will live long enough to spill his guts about everything he knows. Neddy has countless enemies, the main one being time itself.

One of his associates who has observed the progress of Neddy's Parkinson's Disease over the years told a *Sydney Morning Herald* reporter recently: "He shakes like a dog shitting razor blades. He'll never live it out."

And there would be no shortage of people who would hope that this is true. For a million different reasons.

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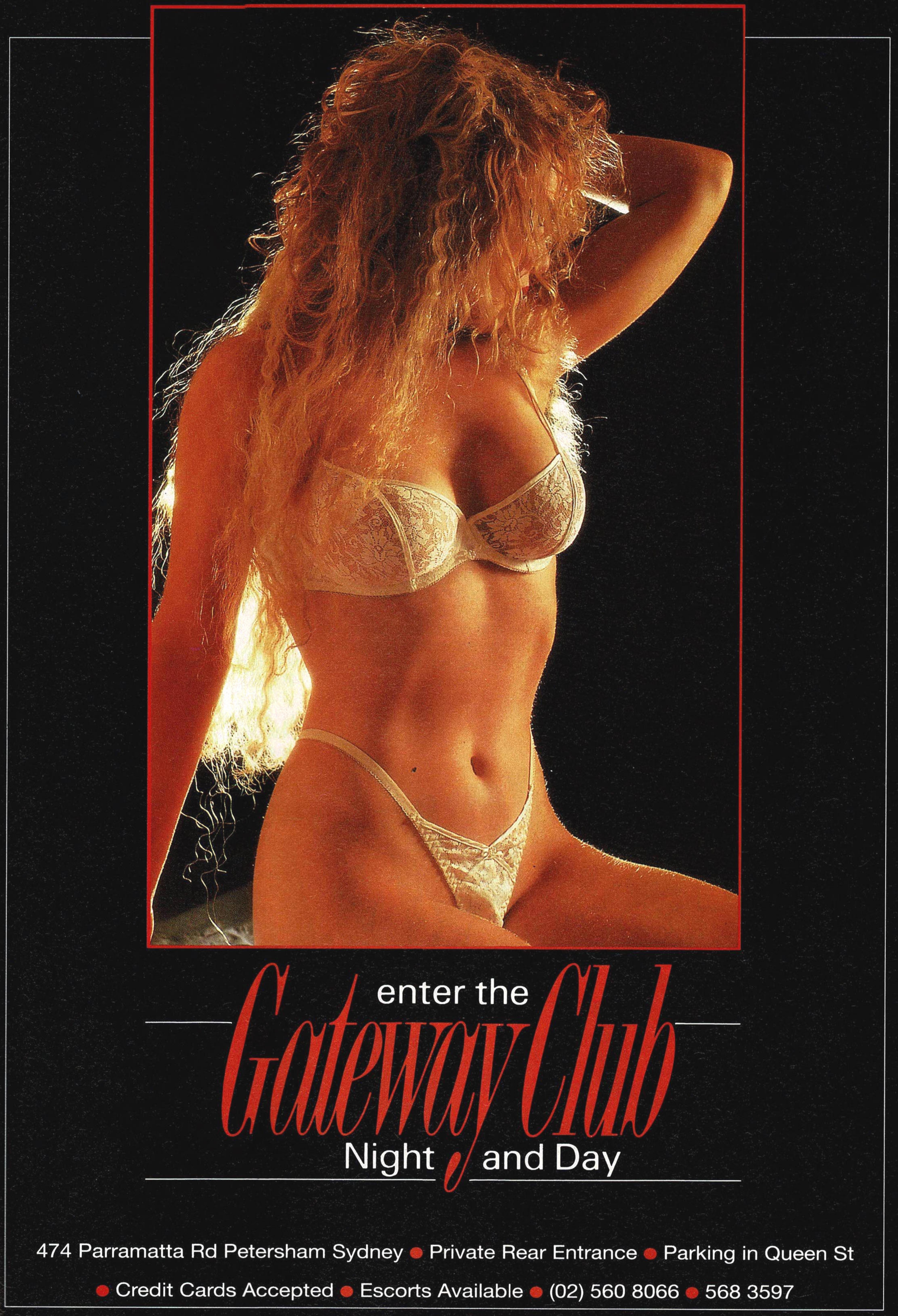
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Continued from page 22

supervisor at Heathrow who, when questioned, asked if we would prefer to have our bag of film taken outside and blown up, that being the only courtesy he was prepared to extend. Admittedly, we were flying to Ireland at the time.

I'd thought a body search was a cursory sweep around the perimeter of the person with a mobile metal detector, until I found myself in a curtained cubicle at Tel Aviv airport with a smart little Sabra in chic khakis who managed to find crevices in my body with which my wife and doctor were unfamiliar.

There is a remarkably thin veneer of civility at most airports. Your compliance is counted upon because, let's be serious here, no-one is going to voluntarily delay oneself for innumerable hours just for the momentary satisfaction of pointing out the character failings of a uniformed klutz with Hitlerian tendencies.

I tend to count to ten a lot at Heathrow, particularly upon arrival. England has formulated an interesting admissions policy for all citizens of European Community nations. Well, essentially there isn't one, beyond providing a dozen immigration desks where passports are merely glanced at while Eurocitizens romp past.

Conversely, any residents of countries with the misfortune to have once been colonised by Britannia snake around steel barricades for a couple of kilometres on the way to the single desk bearing the notation "Others."

There, after their passports are meticulously checked against voluminous listings of known felons, spies and job seekers, they are spot evaluated for individual worthiness.

When it comes to baggage misdirections I have no real horror stories to relate. There was, however, a suitcase I checked onto a direct flight from Memphis to Los Angeles which was not there to meet me at LAX. It was found a full month later in a city I had never visited by an airline on which I had never travelled.

What was particularly irritating was that I was back home in Australia, emotionally adjusted to the loss, had replaced everything essential and was looking forward to an attractive compensation cheque, when I received word that Air Atlanta in Georgia had found my suitcase.

It could have been worse. I could have been the poor schmuck standing next to me by the baggage conveyor belt at Moscow's Sheremetyevo airport in 1989 who witnessed the appearance of his suitcase and wept. A long incision had been made across its breadth and most of the contents had been removed. To compound his woes, dour and suspicious security guards then took him away for questioning. No doubt on the basis that a tourist's luggage is his own responsibility and this visitor had clearly failed in his responsibility to enter the Soviet Union in an orderly manner.

There is a lot to be said for orderly behaviour, particularly in the air as anyone who has ever shared a plane with an intoxicated Australian bodily-contact sporting team will readily attest. Two of them, clad fetchingly in stubbies, rubber thongs and Barnsie T-shirts, set to slugging out a disagreement by the baggage carousel at Denpasar airport the last time I was in Bali. They were immediately surrounded by worried uniformed men who didn't have the slightest idea how to separate the hairy, swearing brawlers. The fracas was still going strong as I lugged my bags out to the roadway but obviously resolved itself while I was changing money.

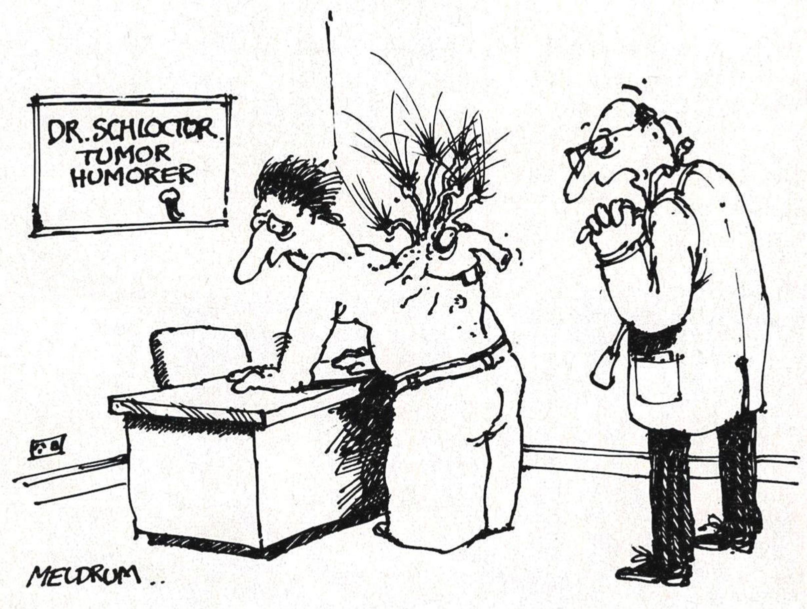
As I stepped into my hotel courtesy bus, I spotted the two pugilists, arms affectionately around each others shoulders, wiping bloodied noses on their shirts and laughing.

I was once caught on a plane for what I believe to be a record duration — Sydney to London during the infamous European winter of 1982, with 14 hours stuck in a snowdrift on a Zurich tarmac. Time span from walking on board at Mascot to disembarking at Heathrow — 44 hours.

I don't feel so bad about it now, though. Not because of the obliterating passage of time, but because of a recent news report I read about a Merpati Airlines 16-seater plane which crashed into the jungle on the Indonesian island of Sulawesi. There were no deaths but the passengers spent five days strapped in their seats balancing precariously in tree tops high above the forest floor before a rescue team reached them.

Economy class really is indefensible. It's not that you have to queue for three hours before departure to get a seat in the middle of a block of five that you can't occupy unless you fold yourself like a piece of origami paper. And it's not that you are served tiny trays of tasteless, overcooked substances and have to plead for a bread roll or even that the toilets are always scarce and putrid.

It's that you become totally faceless and of minuscule importance. A economy hostess on a major airline that should have known better once walked past me and reached for a cup which she no doubt presumed was empty. It wasn't, so I instinctively placed my fingers on it to denote continued ownership. Thus ensued a silent tug-of-war, which she eventually won. As she marched off with her spoil of victory it did occur to me that they'd never do that up the pointy end of the plane.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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Kelly Manz spends her life jetting about the globe in search for all things collectible. She works for a large auction house and is often sent out to purchase antique jewellery.

"I've learned to appreciate the finer things in life," says Kelly, "I can spot a fake really easily, I know what's worth putting up a fight for, and I know if something is valuable enough to pursue. All those things apply to my work as well as my men."

"I like men who are bold, exciting and can make things happen without drawing unnecessary attention to himself. Men like that really turn me on and all my sophistication vanishes in the name of lust."

This 25-year-old Leo says that she likes to take the lead with men and while lots of foreplay is nice, at a point she'll grab her lover by the back of the neck and instruct him exactly what she wants him to do.

Kelly enjoys quiet evenings at home and cherishes any private time she has. "I travel so much that when I do have some time at home, I really like to relax with a good book, some fine claret and some interesting company."

forum

Continued from page 8

front of us and invited me to fuck her from behind. She didn't have to ask twice. As I plunged into her incredibly wet pussy, the men in the theatre cheered. I fucked her like an animal. I had never felt so turned on in all my life, and I had never seen my wife so turned on either. After furiously fucking for a few minutes, we both exploded in incredibly intense orgasms, my come flooding her dripping cunt.

We settled back into our seats, gasping for breath. Then one of the men began to clap. Soon the entire audience was applauding my wife's spectacular show. Janette pulled her dress back on (only fastening two buttons) and led me up the aisle out of the theatre. Broadway productions receive less enthusiastic audience response.

As we reached the door to the theatre lobby, she turned around, blew everyone a kiss, and tossed her panties and bra to two lucky men for souvenirs. — *Name and address withheld*

Transfixed

On my third visit to my new health club, I noticed an attractive young woman in the locker room with me. She had just stepped out of the shower and was wearing a towel.

I was amazed at how beautiful she was. I could not keep my eyes off her. I was so transfixed by her that I didn't notice how wet my pussy was getting. I walked up to her and introduced myself. Her name was Jamie and after making small talk for a little while, I asked her to join me for a drink. She said yes without blinking an eye, and I was psyched.

After a few drinks, I asked her to come home with me. "I'd love to," she said, and we drove to my apartment and sat in my living room for a while. She went to use the bathroom and when she returned, she put a hand on my thigh, the other on the back of my head, and pulled me to her.

Our lips touched and we kissed passionately for several minutes.

Jamie sucked my tongue and licked the top of my mouth. She pulled each of my lips into her mouth and her tongue caressed my teeth and then slid to the depths of my throat.

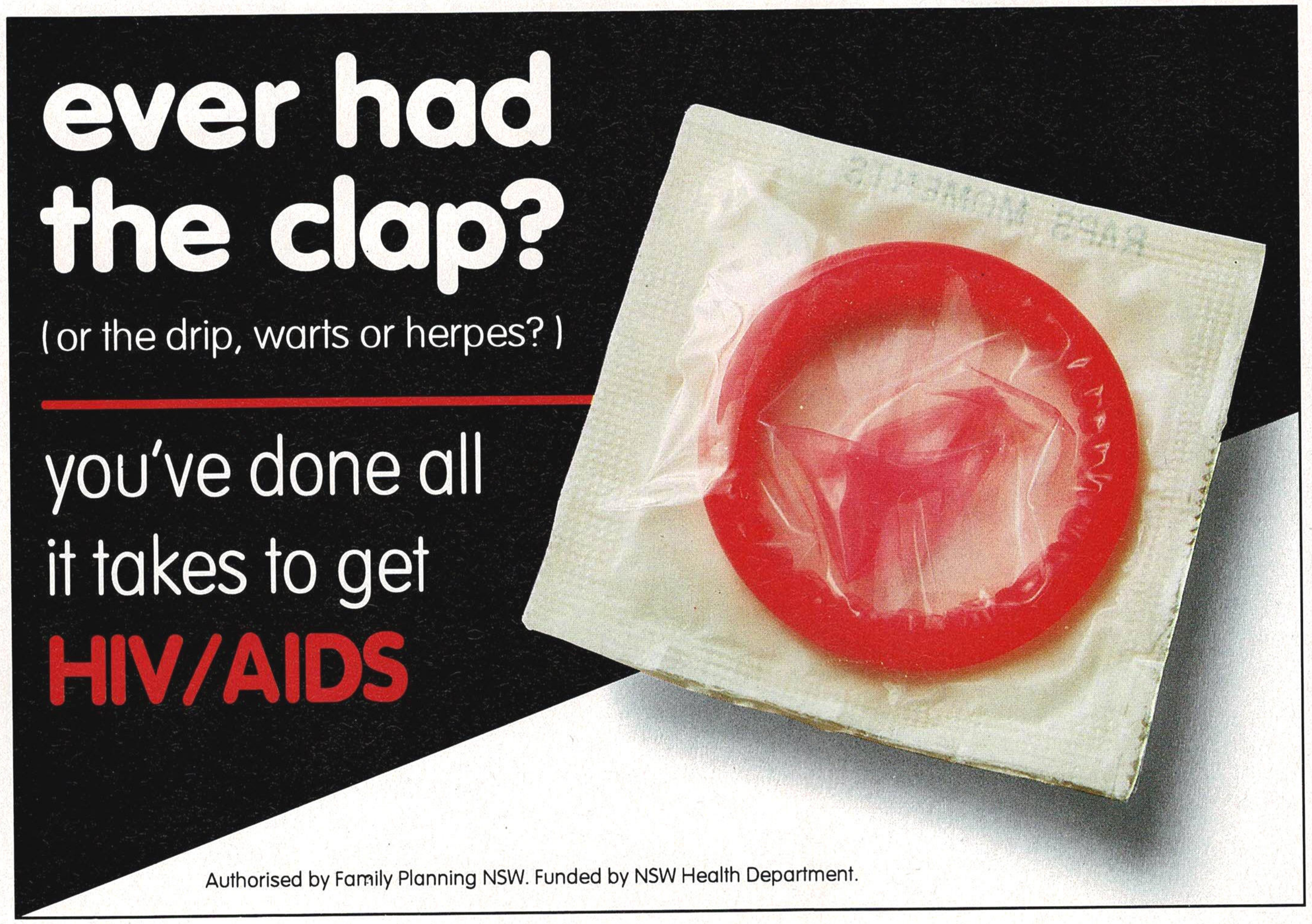
My hands could not resist touching her. I massaged her left breast through her T-shirt. Her braless boob felt soft, and it filled my hand completely. I slid my hand under her shirt to feel her bare skin, and my heart raced. Her breathing quickened as I tugged on her nipple and rubbed her tiny bumps. Within moments both of our tops were off. Jamie's warm hands felt wonderful on my tits. She bent her head down and took one of my breasts into her mouth. She wrapped her arms around my waist and continued to suck me. Her dancing tongue and nibbling teeth made me tingle all over.

Next she crawled down on the floor between my legs and began to kiss my bare thighs.

I slipped off my shorts and panties, and soon Jamie had her face in my pussy. I moaned out loud when her warm breath ran across my moist lips. She brought her hand up to my pussy and spread my lips with her fingers then drove her tongue into my wetness. My back arched and I grabbed her head as she buried her face in my open box. She inserted her tongue deeper into my hole and licked my inner walls.

My body started to quiver when she reached my clit. First she rolled it between her fingers like a marble. When her tongue flicked over it, it was more than I could take, and I was soon bucking and humping her face in orgasmic pleasure.

When I was finished, she crawled up onto the sofa with me and we nestled in each other's arms, kissing gently. An hour or so later, my boyfriend came home to find his girlfriend with another woman, naked on the sofa. I guess it didn't bother him too much. — *Name and address withheld*



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forum

Highway hummer

My girlfriend and I needed a break from our stressful lives, so we decided to take a five-hour drive up to the mountains to see an old uni room-mate of mine.

Looking back, I think the best part of the entire trip may have been that lengthy drive. We were about an hour into the trip when Denise mentioned stopping for lunch. I disagreed and told her that we should get farther along into the trip before we thought about stopping for anything to eat. "Anything?" she asked, leaning toward the driver's seat and placing her hand on the crotch of my jeans.

I think she saw the situation more as a challenge than an obstacle. She quickly unbuttoned my fly and tried to figure out exactly how she could reach her desired position. As my cock began to bulge, I chuckled and tilted the steering wheel as far up as it would go.

"Thanks babe," she said, flicking her hot tongue on the head of my cock. Denise devoured my rod, taking it all the way into her warm, moist mouth. Her wet lips felt silky smooth up against my cylinder as she used her tongue to massage the head. She came off of my cock just long enough to look up and see an expression of pure ecstasy on my face.

I continued to drive as best as I could while Denise bobbed her face up and down between my legs, gently at first, but later with a violent frenzy that had me on the verge of exploding.

I must have been going a hundred kilometres an hour down the highway but I didn't notice. All I knew was that I was getting the most incredible head I had ever had. Denise held my swollen helmet firmly in her lips as she jerked my cock with her hands until I filled her mouth with creamy come. She bobbed and sucked until I was completely dry.

Her moan let me know that she loved what I had given her. As she buttoned my jeans, Denise licked her luscious lips and said, "Mm...that should tide me over until you're ready to stop for lunch."

I pulled the car over to the side of the road. Handing her the keys, I said, "I'm hungry. Why don't you drive?" — *Name and address withheld*

Love in the lav

My boyfriend Tom and I always have wonderful holidays. Not only do we travel to some great destinations, but we have many erotic adventures along the way. On our last trip to the Queensland islands, our adventures started on the plane ride from Sydney to Cairns.

On the plane I was wearing a short skirt and a T-shirt with no bra. The anticipation of our vacation was making me especially horny, and I wanted Tom to be as excited as I was. While he was reading I placed a blanket over my lap and removed my panties. I slid them over my feet and I showed them to Tom. He closed the book and smiled.

He reached under the blanket and moved his fingers lightly up and down the inside of my thighs. I leaned back in my seat and spread my legs wider. I looked across the aisle to make sure that the attention of the other passengers was still on the movie, and then I began to rub my nipples through the fabric of my shirt.

I let out a small gasp as Tom's fingers brushed my swollen clit. He expertly rubbed my twat and slid his fingers in and out of my hot, wet box. After ten minutes of this I was on the verge of orgasm, but I wanted to come with his huge cock inside of me.

I grabbed Tom's hands and led him to the lavatory. I was so hot that I didn't care who saw us go in together. We locked the door and exchanged a long, passionate kiss, while I unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. Tom's cock was bulging from the top of his briefs.

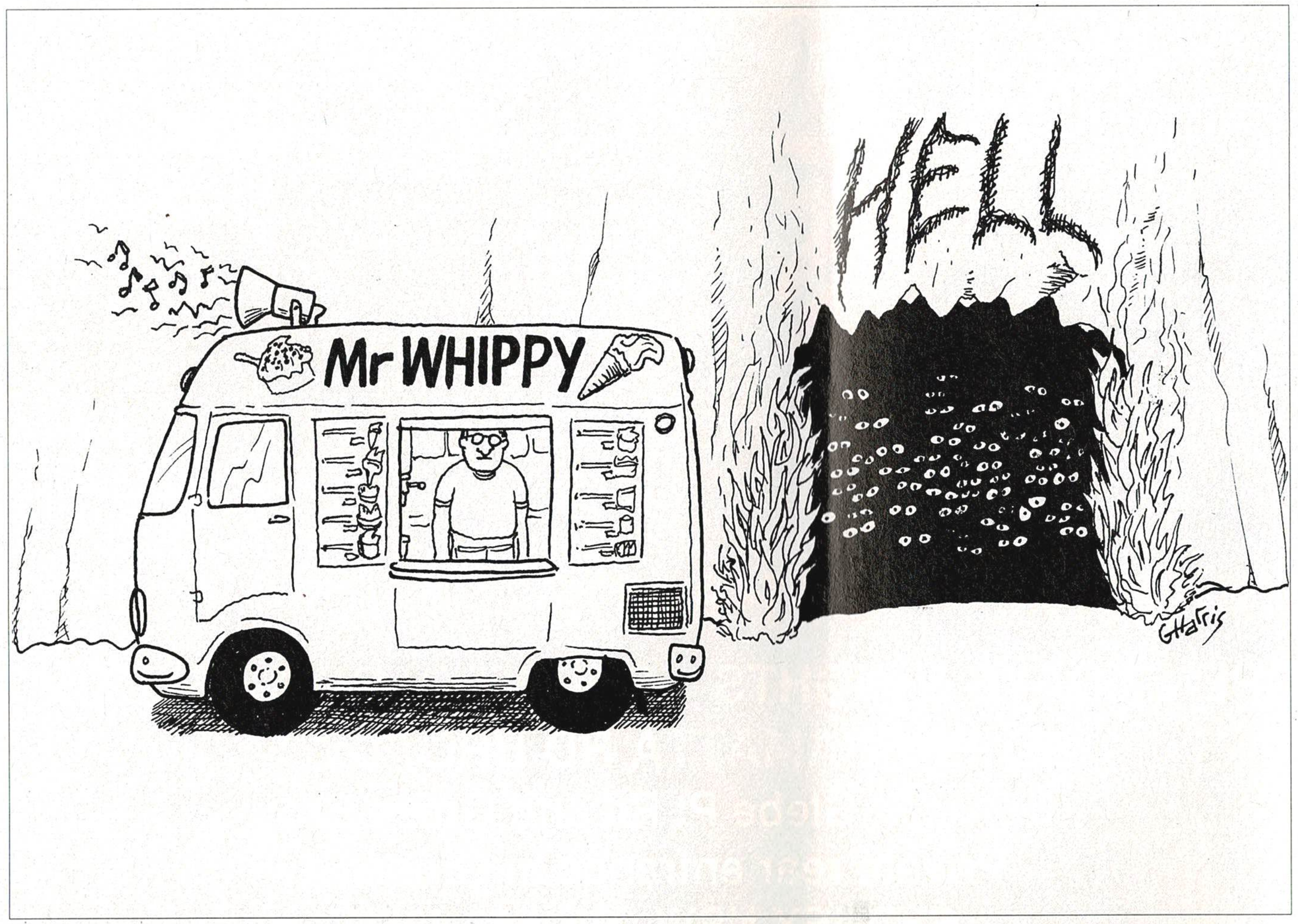
I released his stiff, nine-inch rod by sliding his briefs to the floor. I knelt down in front of him and opened my lips to accept the swollen, purple head of his cock. His cock slid in and out of my mouth until I started to taste his pre-come. I normally like the taste of Tom's come as it shoots down my throat, but today I wanted him to shoot his load inside my cunt.

I was ready to feel his stiff, large dick inside my hot box. I sat on the edge of the counter adjacent to the sink and I spread my legs open wide in invitation. I pleaded, "Fuck me, Tom. Fuck me now!" With one quick thrust, he slid deep inside and began pumping with long, smooth strokes. I moaned softly, and he quickened his pace.

I could sense that he was getting close to orgasm and begged him to pinch my nipples. He began to moan as his thrusts became deeper and more powerful. His first shot of come spurting deep inside of me pushed me over the edge as wave after wave of ecstasy washed over my body.

My contracting pussy muscles squeezed Tom's cock and milked him of every last drop of semen.

We caught our breath and cleaned ourselves up. As we left the lavatory to return to our seats, a flight attendant gave us a knowing nod and a smile of amusement and envy. This was the first of many adventures on our holiday but I will write about the others in future letters. — *Name and address withheld*



Party of three

One of my most memorable sexual experiences happened before my wife Gina and I married. One night Gina and her room-mate had a party at their house. Walter, a very close, mutual friend, came without a date, and soon the three of us were talking and drinking together.

After some half-hearted attempts to clean up the mess left from the party, Gina announced that it was bedtime, and invited Walter and me to both spend the night.

The first few moments in her bedroom with another man were a bit awkward. Gina unabashedly led the way by stripping out of her black leotard and jeans and jumping into bed naked.

Walter and I followed her lead by taking off our clothes and hopping in with one of us on each side of her.

My hand naturally fell across her breast. I began making soft circles with my fingers around her nipples while she joked about being in bed with two naked guys.

Without any direct encouragement, she grabbed my penis with her left hand and slowly began to stroke and gently squeeze it. By now I was sure she was also stroking and squeezing Walter, but he was only complaining that he wasn't comfortable. After further shifting, Walter was finally at ease lying on his side with his left hand under Gina's firm, round butt. She asked him what he was going to do with the other hand. Immediately, I felt Gina shift her pelvis and legs, and heard muffled slurping sounds as Walter slid his fingers in and out of her wet pussy.

Without any hesitation, I rolled over and slid my head down her stomach toward her pussy. By the time I looked up, Gina had Walter's dick deep in her mouth and was slowly stroking and massaging his scrotum. She has always enjoyed giving and getting good head, and within a short time, she was bucking and pushing her pussy hard against my face in a raging orgasm.

When her climax subsided I lifted off her, rolled to the opposite side of the bed, and changed places with Walter. As Walter rolled over her, she spread her legs, pulled his hips toward her, and directed him inside of her.

Walter's stiff cock slid easily in to the hilt. He pumped her deeply for several minutes while Gina firmly held his buttocks and I lay to the side watching. After a few minutes she noticed me watching. She had a sensuous glow on her face when she looked me in the eye and told me to move closer. She rolled over, leaning toward me while Walter was inside her. After more squirming and shifting, Gina got on her hands and knees while Walter entered her doggie-style.

I felt the tension building slowly under her expert and caring attention. I came explosively. I was impressed by Gina's ability to maintain both Walter's and my rhythm, especially after she also managed to swallow every drop of my come.

When Walter's orgasm neared, she braced herself and opened her mouth slightly, grunting softly as he held her firmly by the hips, thrusting and coming deep inside of her. — *Name and address withheld*

When you're out of town

After a lazy Sunday afternoon, my wife Lisa grabbed some beer and said she was going to the basement to listen to the jukebox and play some pool. After about an hour, I had finished with my work and headed downstairs to join her. When I got there, I noticed that she was really starting to get into the music, with some very suggestive bumps and grinds. Needless to say, I was beginning to get turned on.

I came up behind her and looked over her shoulder to see if she needed any help with song selections. As I leaned into her, she pressed her firm arse into my hardening cock. With that, I began to rub her flat stomach and her hard nipples. She turned around in my arms and said in a lusty voice, "Get your clothes off and get on the couch." I was naked and on that couch in an instant. Lisa also stripped and I held out my arms. She came over to me and straddled my cock. As she lowered herself onto my hard dick, I told her to take a good look at my newly shaved cock and balls. As she pumped up and down on my rock-hard shaft, she moaned with sheer pleasure. I could feel my balls begin to tighten and suggested changing positions to put off my orgasm. We then moved to the carpeted floor. As I rubbed the head of my cock up and down her wet slit, Lisa began telling me some of her secrets: "When you're out of town, I like to masturbate with my vibrator while reading

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'Forum' in *Penthouse*." By now I was driving my cock deep inside of her and she was matching every thrust. As I grabbed her hips and drove my cock into her slippery pussy, we were both drenched with sweat and the juices of our love making. The wetness and the warmth of her tight pussy were taking their toll on my stamina, and I unloaded my come deep inside of Lisa's cunt while she bucked with a climax of her own. After a few minutes of rest, she lay on her back and began to suck my cock while I used a vibrator on her clit. The passion was still building as I ran my fingers in and out of her steaming twat and she shuddered from one orgasm to another.

Then she surprised me with a fantasy of hers. "I would like to have a cock in my pussy and, at the same time, one in my mouth," she groaned and started to suck my balls in and out of her mouth. As I continued to work the vibrator rapidly over her hard clit, I could feel my balls beginning to boil. "I'm going to come," I moaned, and with this Lisa quickly put her warm lips over the head of my rigid cock and sucked me like never before.

I could feel her body shuddering as she came also while I shot my load. Exhausted, we showered together and discussed the great sex we had just had. As for the fantasy, maybe it will remain just that, maybe not. — *Name and address withheld*

Envy no more

Although I had always enjoyed sex with my boyfriend, I was envious of the women in your pictorials who are shown eating pussy and sucking tits. One day after looking through *Penthouse*, my pussy and I went out in search of a friend for both of us. I went to the bar and checked out the female clientele.

Of the several beauties who made eye contact, one kept staring — a beautiful, big-titted blonde. I sauntered over to her and asked her to come home with me for a drink.

When we got to my house, we came to the conclusion that neither of us had had pussy before and we were a bit nervous. But I went to the bedroom, retrieved my ten-inch vibrator, and asked her if maybe a little cock would relax her. She grinned and pulled her skirt off to reveal beautiful, white-blond pussy hair and smooth, firm thighs.

I reached down and rubbed the vibrator on her clit while she removed the rest of her clothes. I wanted to wait, but when I saw her tits my mouth started watering and I was driven to suck on them immediately.

First I gently nibbled on her erect nipples and then deeply sucked her breasts. Next she subtly put both of her hands on my shoulders and guided me downward to her cunt. While exploring her creamy thighs and lips I removed my clothes, my pussy now dripping with musky juices.

She purred as my tongue darted in and out of her hot hole and my finger worked its way into her crevice. We moved into a sixty-nine and I truly enjoyed her cunt grinding on my face as her arse was shaking above me.

"I'm going to come all over your face!" she cried.

After just seconds of rest, she instructed me to get on all fours and let her do the work. I happily complied and she went at it — sucking on my tits, licking my entire body, and mercifully going down on my anxious twat. After about three minutes, I came furiously.

We have a lunch date next week. Until then I'll just dream of her pussy and tits! — *Name and address withheld*

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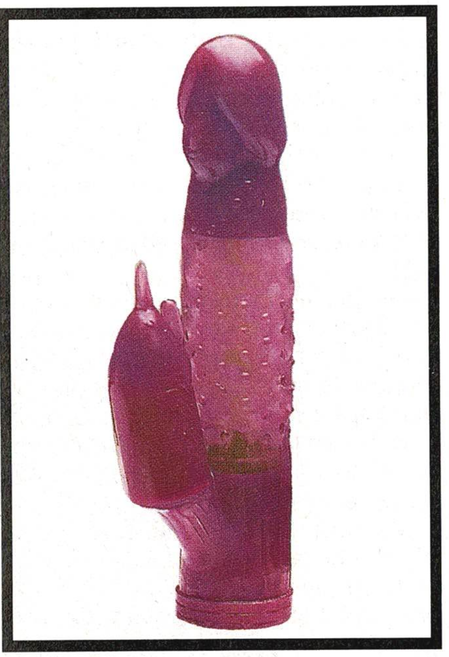

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Get down low

Being a scuba diving instructor I have the opportunity of meeting numerous attractive and occasionally, very willing young women. I'd like to describe one of these occasions.

I was taking the Saturday morning beginners' class and running a little late. My students were already waiting for me when I arrived at the dive shop. As I eyed them over, my attention was drawn to one particular blonde female student.

She was about 20-years-old and exceptionally attractive. She was wearing a short wrap-around shirt which clung to a shapely pair of hips and thighs. The outline of her perfectly formed breasts could be clearly seen through a tight-fitting blouse.

I must have looked like a real dope staring at her because she walked right up to me and giggled, asking, "Are you our instructor?"

I blinked my eyes to take in this lovely creature in front of me and managed to stammer out, "Er, yeah."

"Good. By the way, I'm Cindy," she said with a delicious grin.

The sight of her firm arse as she walked away caused a massive rush of blood to my cock.

We quickly loaded our gear onto the boat and headed out to the dive site. Once there I set anchor and began issuing instructions as the students donned their gear. I caught a superb view of Cindy stripped down to her one-piece swimsuit, revealing all her assets. Trying to keep my concentration, I summarised my instructions and quickly helped the students into the ocean.

Underwater, I could see Cindy's wetsuit hugging her lithe body and my erection increased despite the cool surroundings.

The lesson went well and now the students were free to dive at their leisure, only Cindy asking to come back on board. Naturally I didn't object to this request. The chance to be alone with this goddess of beauty was too good to pass up.

As I helped her out of her gear she looked up at me with her blue eyes and licked her lips in a most seductive way.

At this, my cock swelled to its entire eight inches. Noticing this, Cindy began to rub my bulge through my bathers. I unzipped her wetsuit and peeled it off. She then unhooked her swimsuit to reveal her magnificent breasts and erect nipples

I began to suck them as Cindy removed the rest of her swimsuit. I looked down past her flat stomach and saw a lovely golden pussy, glistening with seawater and her own wetness. Quickly losing my self-control, I slipped off my speedos and pressed her to me, giving her a deep French kiss. My hands roamed freely up her thighs, over her tight arse and settled on her narrow waist. Meanwhile, Cindy's delicate hands had clamped around my shaft, administering a delightful massage. She directed me to a large flat seating area of the boat, layed me back and began fiercely sucking my engorged member. On the verge of my orgasm she stopped and lay on her back, spreading her legs.

"Now show me your diving technique," breathed Cindy.

I gave her the descent signal and wasted no time licking her creamy thighs. Cindy moaned as I reached her clit, flicking at it with my tongue then sucking it continuously. This sent her over the edge and she erupted in a powerful orgasm, bucking her hips wildly.

With her juices nearly drowning me, I called on my diving self-rescue training and ascended for fresh air.

In between breaths she whispered, "Fuck me, please."

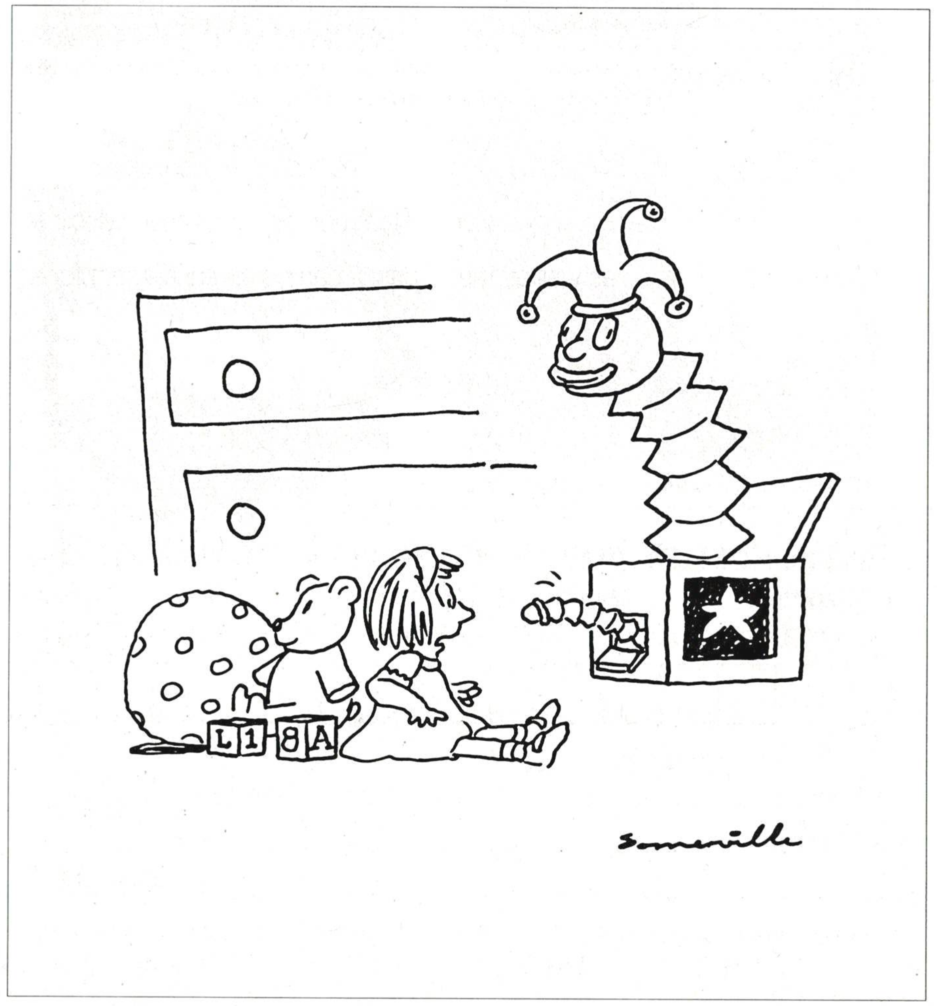
I pushed her legs further apart and slid my entire cock into her hot, dripping cunt. The feeling was incredible as Cindy tightened her pussy muscles around my rigid shaft, causing me to gasp in pleasure.

I began pumping in and out of her, my balls slapping against her bare arse. Increasing my pace, I fucked her hard and fast in time with the rocking motion of the boat. Both our orgasms approached and Cindy groaned loudly, digging her nails into my back each time I thrust into her.

Suddenly she stiffened and cried out in pleasure causing me to reach my own peak. I joined her cries with my own shouts of ecstasy and gushed several spurts of semen into her hot cunt.

Totally exhausted, I collapsed beside Cindy. After several minutes of recovery, we heard the other students surfacing. Cindy and I quickly dressed and helped them on board. I pulled up the anchor and headed for shore .

Back at the dive shop, all the students signed up for the advanced course. Cindy made me promise to show her the finer points of diving. — *Name and address withheld*



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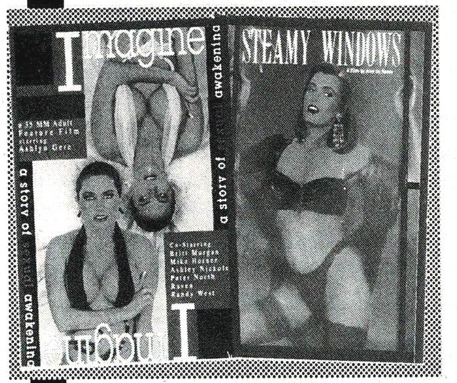
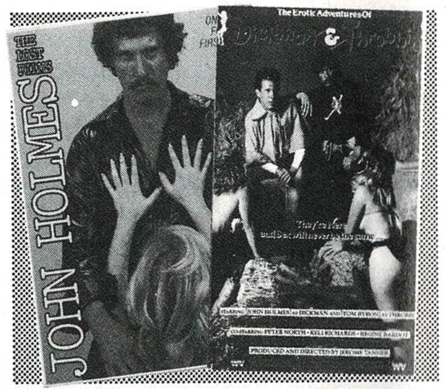
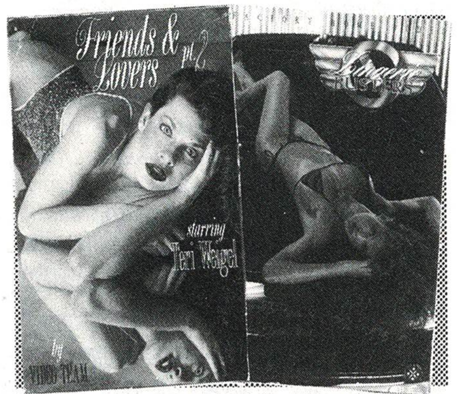


HT2 Imagine/Steamy Windows



HT3 The Erotic Adventures of Dickman & Throbbin/John Holmes - The Lost Tapes



HT4 Friends & Lovers - The Sequel/Lingerie Busters

HT5 Big Bust Babes - Volume 6 - The Breast of America/ Breastroke II

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Laying paving

I'm a 35-year-old married lady with an understanding husband who is happy for me to have sex with other men. What I want to relate to you happened with my latest lover, Gary.

Gary works for a paving contractor, visiting building sites and giving quotes for work. My husband, Danny, and I have recently built a new home and we wanted quotes for paving. Naturally I suggested Gary, as we were sure to get a good quote.

On the day that Gary was due to do our measure and quote, Danny took sick and stayed home. I said that I would cancel Gary's visit until another day, but Danny said to go ahead with it, and said I should make the visit "worth his while."

When Gary arrived, Danny sat quietly in his study with the door ajar, so that he could hear everything, and see through the crack in the door.

I made Gary a coffee while he measured our driveway and patio area. When he came in he did a couple of quick sums and gave me the quote. I went up to him and put my arms around his neck and asked if he had to rush back to work. Naturally, he said he didn't. We were quickly in a close embrace and kissing each other fervently. Meanwhile, Danny was still in the study and could hear the moans and sounds of our kissing.

Gary and I went to the bedroom and quickly undressed. We got into our favourite 69 position, but I made sure that he couldn't see the doorway from where he was. I looked up, and sure enough there was Danny watching me sucking Gary's prick. That was what Danny wanted to see more than anything, as Gary has got a thick eight incher, while Danny has a nice slim seven inches. I really gave Gary's prick a good lick and sucked him right into my mouth while Danny stood wanking at our bedroom door.

I signalled for Danny to move away while I turned onto my back and asked Gary to fuck me. He quickly obliged, and within moments he was shafting me. This time I had placed myself in a position where Danny could now see Gary pumping his fat prick into my pussy.

As I looked over Gary's back, I could see Danny staring at me being fucked by my lover. We exchanged secret smiles and blew each other kisses. I begged Gary to come in me quickly and he did just as I asked.

He groaned and pumped his spunk deep inside my pussy. I rolled him over and gently eased my dripping pussy from his prick, knowing that seeing that would blow Danny's mind.

While Gary was in the shower, I raced into the study and dropped to my knees, where I sucked my husband's prick — it felt really nice after having Gary's thick one stretching my mouth. Danny then had a close look at my come-filled pussy before we kissed passionately.

When I heard the shower turn off, I returned to our bedroom and got Gary out of the house as quickly as was polite. As soon as he had gone Danny and I made love quickly but gently. The feeling of having the spunk of two men, who had both fucked me within 15 minutes, was so mind-blowing that Danny and I did it again. Danny and I have decided that we need another measure and quote really soon. — *Name and address withheld*

Pearl diver

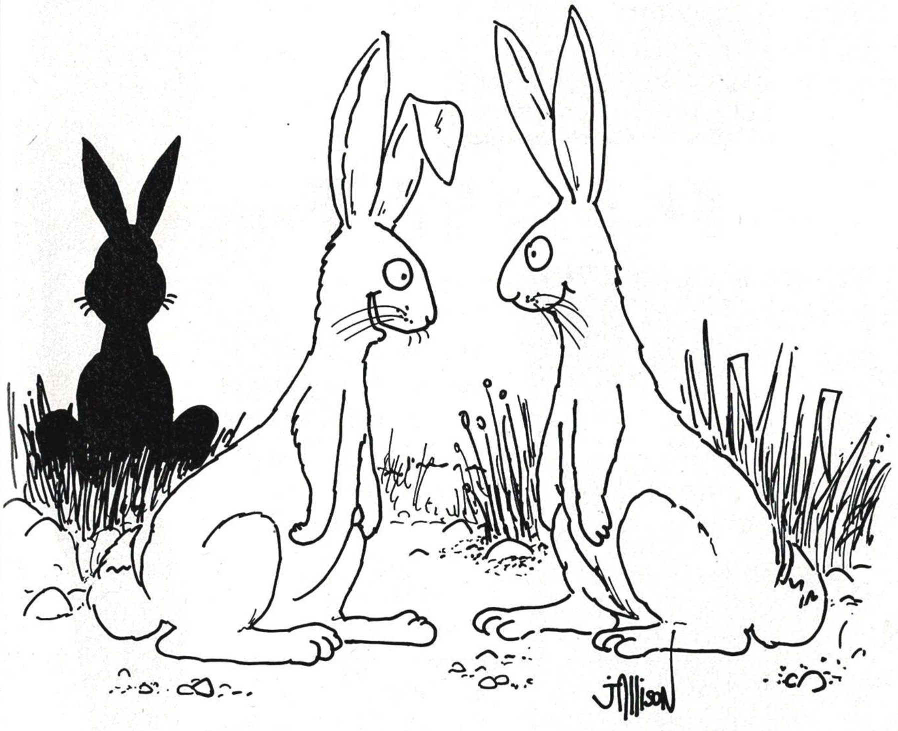
I am a 19-year-old female who loves to show herself off, and doing kinky things really turns me on. I especially like to let my boyfriend Jack watch as I play with myself. One night I slipped on a sheer black teddy, my nipples sticking straight out, as I hoped Jack's cock would. Then I got an idea that would really make him stand up and take notice.

Taking my string of pearls from the dresser, I lay back on the bed and started sticking them up my nice, hot pussy.

I was hoping they'd feel as good coming out as they did going in! Leaving one pearl showing, I lay back and spread my legs wide, then called out his name. When Jack saw my surprise, he dove straight for my treasure cave.

Taking the first pearl in his mouth, he slowly began to pull, and I felt a shiver of intense pleasure as each shiny, wet pearl popped out of my ruby lips. Jack licked them clean, then went down looking for more. His tongue was darting in and out and flicking back and forth so quickly, I came all over his handsome face with such force I thought he might drown.

That was all he needed to see. He turned me over and entered me from behind, hammering away, moaning with delight. He must have pumped his sweet come in me at least five times over. I strongly urge you to "pull out" those old pearls and put them to good use! — *Name and address withheld*



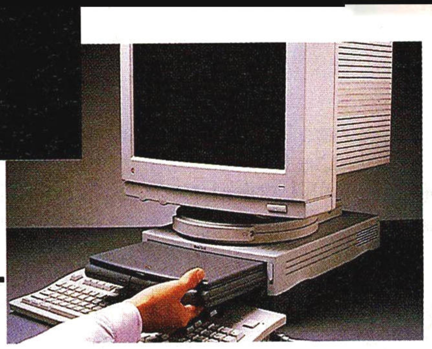
"Has she got a sister? She's got 3000 of them!"

loose ends

And the winners are:

The winners of the Pickwick competition featured in the January edition of *Australian Penthouse* were: S. Smith, Waverley, NSW; N. Pitt, Sydney, NSW; K.Noble, Winnellie, NT; J. McAndrew, Rockhampton, Qld and W. Hodgins, Rosedale, Vic. The winners of the Sunbeam competition featured in the same edition were: R. Bremner, Eatons Hill, Qld and K. Kula, Wollstonecraft, NSW.

1+1 = DUO



Apple Macintosh have introduced a personal computer system that has the power of a desktop with the versatility of a laptop. The Macintosh Duo System gives the user a complete desktop system at their office including a large colour display, full-size keyboard, and expansion capabilities; and at the same time, a powerful notebook computer to take with them for working away from the office. More information from Apple.

scrub up all right

A decade after international company Clinique launched a sound, efficient skin care system for men which produced visible results with the minimum of fuss, it is very much the leader in men's skin care with products like the Body Scrub and Hair Programmer Lotion. The Body Scrub ($28) which rids the skin of dead flakes and the ingrained impurities which cause skin problems, works both as a toner before a big night out and a head-clearer the morning after while the Hair Programmer Lotion ($20) provides light, non-greasy hair-styling on wet or dry hair without stickiness or build up. Like all Clinique products, both are allergy tested and fragrance free.

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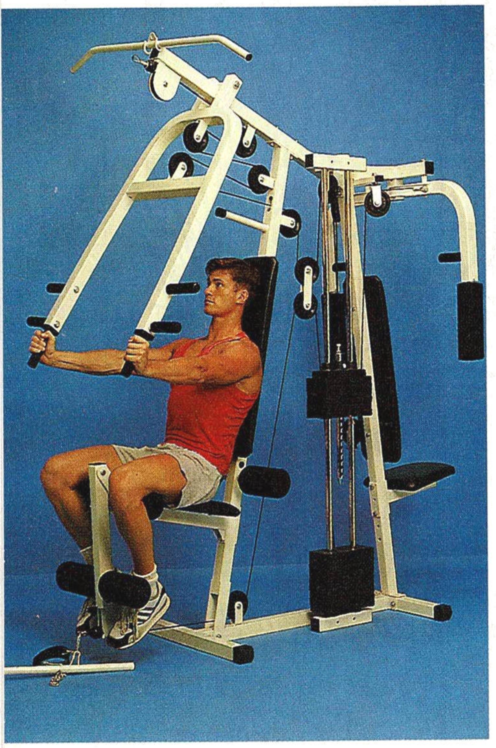

Why put up with the high cost of gym memberships and opening times that simply do not fit in with your work-out schedule when you can enjoy the convenience of your own home gym? Made from five-centimetre square steel tubing this multi-station work-out machine comes with commercial pin weights and utilises the latest single cable, pin selection design. With features like the pec deck, seated row and bench press, this state of the art home fitness centre is available for $995 from Exercise Equipment Australia (02) 417 5100

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The Animal wetsuit is O'Neill's top of the range, high-performance steamer. The suit has 26-percent more stretch and is 20-percent lighter than wetsuits of comparable density. According to the accompanying blurb this is the wetsuit that will "provide enough warmth on a polar Saturday in sub-zero temperatures... and will not cause you to lose your nuts to those inner sanctums only to reappear four days later when you have thawed out and the panic has set in that you've regressed to childhood and may never see you goollies again." Ring O'Neill on (02) 979 6606 for more information.

AHEAD OF THE PACK

The Libra pack is designed around the synergy of performance, efficiency and comfort. It's big, it's basic and it's balanced. Bottle holsters are built low into the pack sides to hold flasks for personal hydration. In addition, there's an ice-axe loop and a shovel slot behind the exterior pocket. The Libra is state of the art in packs and fits and functions better than most packs costing twice as much. Contact Paddy Pallin for more information.

ICE MAN

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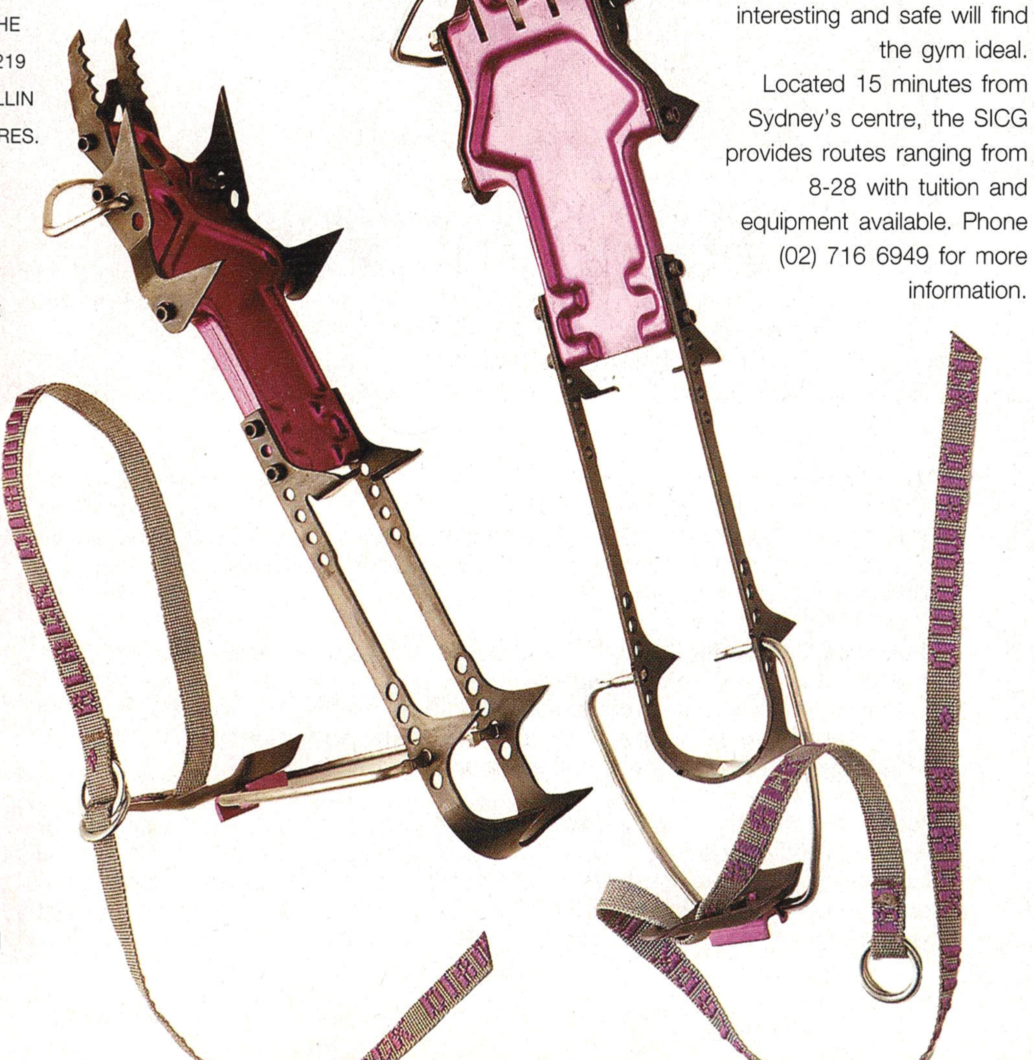

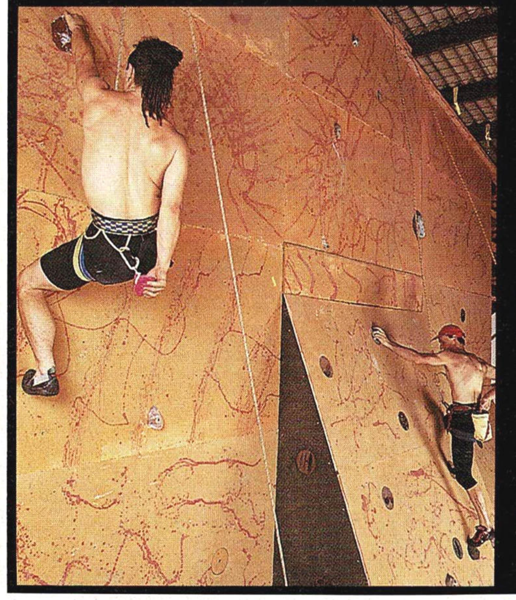

CLIMBING the WALLS

The Sydney Indoor Climbing Gym is a new concept in indoor fitness. Although it provides an ideal opportunity for ardent climbers to hone their skills during the week, the SICG is not purely restricted to climbers. People keen to do a full-body work-out which is challenging, interesting and safe will find the gym ideal. Located 15 minutes from Sydney's centre, the SICG provides routes ranging from 8-28 with tuition and equipment available. Phone (02) 716 6949 for more information.

Pet Of The Month, Joanne Walker

INSIDE JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Stalkers — Next month's *Australian Penthouse*, profiles the crime of stalking — spurned males who develop a fatal attraction for their former lovers — and examines how a normal relationship can sink into the depths of obsession and ultimately violence. The longer the obsession festers, the more it defies logic and the more intense the fixation becomes until the stalker is no longer able to simply observe from afar.

The Missing Link — In July's *Australian Penthouse*, writer and criminologist Paul Wilson examines the link between freely available erotica and violent crime — he finds it to be non-existent. In a worldwide analysis Wilson paints a disturbing picture in which violent sexual crime is often more prevalent in societies where erotica is either not available or heavily censored.

Club Med Cambodia — There are 16 000 military peace-keepers from 100 countries taking part in the United Nations' peace plan for Cambodia. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, find out exactly why these soldiers are referred to as the "piss-keeping" force as they party on like there's no tomorrow with their two biggest dangers being cirrhosis of the liver and the clap.

Pet Of The Month — Joanne Walker is a 24-year-old model who has worked all over the world but decided that Australia was where she felt most at home. In the July issue of *Australian Penthouse*, you'll have no doubt as to why this stunning 35-24-35 blonde, who originally hails from London, is set to become one of our most welcome imports.

MOTORING

Continued from page 19

anti-lock brakes and big grippy tyres.

It has no air conditioning, no rear seat, no power windows, no airbag and no cruise control. There's no radio, for Chrissake. And you'll whistle for an auto version. The only electric motors found in the car are those driving the starter and windscreen wipers. For the CS version, the 3.0-litre four-cylinder engine, developing a lusty 176kW, is unchanged from the standard-issue 968.

Extra performance comes from ripping 50kg out of the car by deleting all the aforementioned equipment. The lightened CS charges from zero to 100km/h in about 6.5 seconds. It has a power-to-weight ratio almost the same as that of the twin-turbo Mazda RX-7, a benchmark for cheap thrills for sports car aficionados.

The austerity package marks a return to Porsche's performance-based roots. The suspension tweaks, including the fitment of gas dampers and a lower ride height, have been accomplished with the usual Porsche engineering competence.

Right out of the box it struck success on the racetracks here, with two examples finishing first and second ahead of a pair of Mazda RX-7s in the Sandown Six Hour for near-standard production models.

Two other low-volume high-appeal Porsches become available in Australia towards the middle of this year. The dashing 3.6-litre 911 Speedster with a low-line soft-top, is a derivative of the Carrera 2. But, to keep the price down to a mere $195,000, new owners will have to struggle by without electric windows, power roof mechanism or air conditioning.

Performance-related accoutrements include bigger 17-inch wheels and tyres and RS-type bucket seats.

Here too is the brutally-fast 3.6-litre 911 Turbo punching out 360 bhp. It is the quickest Porsche sold here and, at $295,000, also the most expensive ever. Volumes are expected to be around five or six annually.

What is obvious is that the golden days of the mid-1980s are gone forever.

This year Zuffenhausen will produce about 18,000 units, with the 911 still the most popular individual model. Porsche admits it won't easily return to its 1985 sales levels of 52,000. Nor will it need to as it rapidly gets on to a more efficient, leaner, meaner footing. The Porsche cars of the future will be owned by enthusiasts, with nary a yuppie in sight.— *Peter Mckay*

GSX-R1100W
GSX-R750W
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